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REVIEWS

The Doomed: a Tale. 3 vols. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

THERE are more fine passages in these volumes, than would embellish a dozen novels, and more madness than would infect a score. A man who lived when Nebuchadnezzar ate grass round the walls of Babylon, and who lives now—not in fame, but in real flesh and blood—shocks all belief: we cannot away with a circumstance so utterly incredible, so much at variance with nature, and so much out of keeping with true imagination. We have heard of one whose pleasure it was in company to amuse his friends and astonish strangers, by saying that he lived with Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt; was cup-bearer to Morodoch Baladan, prince of Babylon; revelled with Alexander during his invasion of India; triumphed with Sylla; passed the Rubicon with Cæsar, and saw him assassinated; reeled about the streets of Rome with Caracalla; assisted Mahomet in perfecting the Koran; was the first who stormed Jerusalem in the grand crusade; counselled Bourbon to sack Rome, and Cromwell to behead King Charles; and who concluded his autobiography by saying, that he went mad with Charles of Sweden. All that might pass muster when the good wine had done its good office, and folly took the lead in conversation; but how any man of education and talent—and the writer of this wild work seems to be both—could sit deliberately down and lend his quiet thoughts to the composition of a story fully as wild as the outline we have given, exceeds all belief. We thought Allan Cunningham wild enough when he restored Michael Scott to daylight, after an interment of three hundred years; and we thought Croly little less so, when he wrote the adventures of a man who had outlived his revilings of the Saviour, till the present day: these writers had something like tradition or history to cling to, absurd as their speculations were, for the great wizard was believed to walk, and the wandering Jew, in the opinion of some, is still at his wanderings; but here is a man who is old enough to remember the casting of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar, and yet young enough to have gazed, as he relates, with rapture, on the blooming face of a living poetess, at an evening party last week in the west end of London. The author may suppose this to be a daring and dashing sort of thing, and shelter himself from ridicule behind the barriers of imagination; but imagination has nothing at all to do with what is unnatural. It is not imagination to invent monsters with seven heads and ten horns: true imagination conceives something in keeping and accordance with the

belief of the earth; the author might have quietly killed and interred his hero, and brought his spirit to play pranks among mankind; but we know of no authority for keeping a man alive for some thousands of years, and in the bloom of youth too, merely for the sake of saying he had seen two or three remarkable events, faithfully and satisfactorily set forth by historians.

The author, it would appear, could not make up his mind respecting the rank or affinity of the person for whose murder the Doomed was sentenced to an eternal mortal life; we would like to know the relative position between the dear defunct and him, and the cause of the quarrel, for we know of no one else punished in a way so singular. The Doomed is on many occasions made enough for any sort of mischief, yet he never wakes into untameable fury, save when provoked; and when he makes his *début* in this sad world, he utters as good moral sentiments and liberal opinions, about the cruelty of Nebuchadnezzar in throwing the three children into the fiery furnace, as a man would wish to hear on a summer's day. Nay, indeed, so much was he touched at the sight, that he fled from the face of the Assyrian, and never halted till he reached India, where he met with something more pleasant to look upon than the seven times heated furnace.

"The being on whom I gazed, it is true, had no outward resemblance to the imaginary creatures of my dream;—but she stood there—a living, breathing, moving form, in a beauty far excelling theirs. I never beheld any being so exquisitely innocent and lovely. Her dress and manner betokened her a Hindoo of the highest caste. She might have seen sixteen summers, certainly not more, and the glowing beauty of her form and features had just ripened into the opening gladness of the bashful maiden. Her complexion was of a clear transparent brown, light as that which I have oftentimes seen in the southern regions of Europe,—and it was enlivened by a tint, beautiful and pure as the opening rosebud of the early Spring. Her dark and sparkling eyes, now searched into the soul, and anon, when she deemed herself observed, dropped in humid softness to the ground. Her long black hair, soft, luxuriant, and beautiful as a mass of silken thread, was loosely, but gracefully entwined around a head, the proportions of which would have added grace to the Medicean Venus. The lovely contour of her countenance—the graceful turn of her neck—the gentle fall of her shoulders—and the exquisitely formed shape of her limbs—no description can do justice to. And if these I cannot describe, how shall I attempt to convey even the most distant idea of the confiding innocence and simplicity that hung around them all. Oh! Zehlina, Zehlina! I dare not recall these to recollection. Thou wert too pure—too beautiful—for such a world as this. Even now, thy youthful form, with its flowing garb of various coloured silk loosely wound around it, and the

pure white linen falling in graceful folds from thy lovely neck and bosom, stands before my eyes in all its innocence and beauty, as it then stood beneath the shelter of that solitary palm, amidst the far-spreading desolation of the ruined Gour."

He finds, however, that his beautiful Zehlina is marked out as a sacrifice to an Indian Idol; he carries her away; she dies in her flight; her body is brought back, and offered as a burnt sacrifice to the eastern Moloch; the Doomed throws himself into the fire, and comes out, to his own astonishment and that of the Bramins, unharmed—nay, unsinged.

After this adventure, the Doomed reposed for some hundreds of years; he awoke at last, and renewing his wanderings, found himself suddenly in the midst of Richard of England's army, then engaged against Saladin. Though some fifteen hundred years old or so, he is so fresh, and bold, and youthful, that he gains the heart of Richard's cousin, Alice of Anjou, saves the life of the king himself, in spite of all the Saracen chivalry, and is the first to plant the cross on the topmost tower of Jerusalem. For all these good deeds he received, we are concerned to say, a sorry requital: the tender Alice proposed to poniard him for slighting her charms, upon which he determined to try his fate at sea, and, embarking, was overtaken by a tempest, which soon disposed of the brigantine.

"A fearful, half-suffocated yell arose from the drowning crew, as they were dragged down in the whirling vortex occasioned by the sinking of the vessel. I, too, sunk, and it seemed to me as if in the uttermost depths of that troubled sea, rainbow-coloured things and brightly branching corals grew. But I quickly arose again from the depths of beauty, and when once more I floated upon the surface of the waters, there was no living being near me—no trace left to tell that a goodly ship had so recently been there. Strange to say, when death approached, I felt a natural instinct, to preserve my wretched being strong within me, and I, who had so often desired to be released from the toils and troubles of a weary existence, now bent my breast against the waves, and swam stoutly for my life. I feared some drowning wretch might seize upon me, and, in the convulsive grasp of death, drag me to the bottom with him—and what I anticipated soon happened. I felt my limbs suddenly seized with the strong grasp of agony and despair;—I struggled—fiercely struggled—but I could not rid me of the drowning man. He was beneath the waters, and I saw him not, yet he was gradually sinking, and I felt that I too was sinking with him. The winds still roared, and the breakers dashed around, and the waves were boiling with a tempest's fury, but the wild despairing cry I uttered, as with one violent effort I tried to free myself from that deadly grasp, rose far above the loudness of the storm. That effort was unsuccessful—the drowning wretch still clung fiercely to me. In the retreating of a

huge wave, his head for an instant appeared above the surface of the raging sea. He gasped for breath, and his eyes glared fearfully on me.—I took advantage of that moment, and collecting all my strength, I smote him furiously on the head. He relaxed his hold—he cast on me an upbraiding look—he closed his eyes, and, in utter wretchedness and despair, sunk for ever beneath the overwhelming wave. Those wildly glazed eyes are still fixed on me. In the darkness of the night I see them glaring fearfully,—and that upbraiding look of horror and despair—that dying look of a sinful wretch whom I had hastened to eternity, haunts me in my waking hours—in my sleeping moments—where'er I turn myself, and where'er I go."

The sea ejected him upon the coast of Italy; he arrived in Rome, after some tarryings by the way, in the year of grace 1500; it was there his fortune to be saved from falling down a precipice by a Scottish presbyterian damsel, named Ellen Dinwiddie, of charms fairly rivalling the Hindoo lady, and withal of a devout turn of mind. Her picture is fine.

"Ellen was somewhat less in stature than her sister, and in appearance a perfect contrast to her. Equally beautiful indeed she was—in my eyes more than equally beautiful, but her beauty was of a totally different character. Her form was slight, but elegantly turned, and I believe the statuary would in vain have sought to find a fault in it. There was, perhaps, no decidedly marked or perfect feature in her face, but, altogether blended, they shone with a glowing sweetness and beauty that nothing could surpass. Sometimes her cheek was pale as marble, with a slight and scarcely perceptible tinge of life in it. At other times it glowed with a bright and beauteous animation, while her dove-like eyes shone with a sweetness of expression that conveyed the idea to the beholder, that nothing, save the peaceful thoughts of a calm and contented heart, could beam forth there. Her luxuriant sunny hair matched well with the hazel colour of her eyes, and hung in many a clustering ringlet round her fair face.—In short, had a master of his art wished to pourtray an angel of mercy, smiling in the discharge of a blissful errand, he could not have assumed a more perfect model, in form and face, than that upon which I now gazed."

Having seen much of the world, he was well qualified to play the part of Cicerone to Miss Dinwiddie: but he astonished both the lady and his catholic guide, by doubting whether the steps of the house of Pontius Pilate were the identical marble on which the feet of Christ trode.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, interrupting me—"do not destroy the beautiful enchantment that lingers around these few steps. They are, they must be, the steps which once led to the house of the Roman governor of Judea!"

"I have seen the steps of Pontius Pilate's house," I calmly answered, "and they were of grey marble, not of white."

"Diavolo!" exclaimed our Cicerone, starting back—no very reverent exclamation for the service in which he was engaged—"Seen!—how can that be, when these steps have been where they now stand, thanks to the piety of those bold crusaders who followed the noble Richard of England to the holy wars, for a period well nigh to four hundred years;—and methinks," he added, peering closely into my face, "you can scarce have seen so long a period yet!"

"Four hundred years," I answered, "they are but as a drop in the bucket."

"And yet enough," said our guide, interrupting me, "to fill any man's bucket choke full even to the brim!"

"Yet, four hundred years ago," I continued in a melancholy and absent tone, "I beheld the grey unwhewn marble of the steps of that house, which tradition said was Pontius Pilate's, leading to the lower terrace on which the house rested, and from which no hand was put forth to remove them. The scorching suns of summer, and the cold rains of winter may whiten the head of man, but neither will bleach the dull grey marble till it exhibit a fair and polished hue.—No—no—my friend, your steps may be holy enough, but, believe me, they have been dug from the quarries of your own sunny land, and never formed a resting-place for the weary foot of the now dispersed of Israel's race."

The result may be guessed; he found his way before the Fathers of the Inquisition, who, becoming alarmed at torturing a being who would confess nothing, and whose joints, dislocated by the rack, had the singular property of healing of their own accord, dismissed him gladly. He escaped to Scotland; slew a Highland laird who presumed to make love to Ellen; saved her from being poisoned by an apothecary, and finally made her miserable by marrying her, and communicating the term of years which he had lived.

Such is the story of the Doomed; but the chief merit of the work lies in the detached scenes of passion, and of feeling which are to be found without much seeking. There are innumerable snatches of natural eloquence; fine bursts of despair; passages of tranquil sorrow and of a calm and gentle grace. We have no notion who the author of this wild work can be. "Let no one, he says, vainly imagine he can ever find me out; if he does, he will assuredly be mistaken. I bear no distinguishing mark about me; and the most cunningly-devised question will obtain no answer whereby suspicion may be confirmed." We bid him farewell, wishing him a story more worthy of his talents when he next chooses to come into the field of fiction.

Lives of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro; from the Spanish of Don Manuel José Quintana. By Mrs. Hodson. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE lives of celebrated Spaniards by Quintana, the first of living Spanish poets, is a work which does great honour to modern Spanish literature. The first volume was published in 1807, but the troubles of his country, which began immediately after, and in which he took a conspicuous part, delayed the publication of the second volume till 1830, and this it is which Mrs. Hodson has translated.

The names of Balboa and the elder Pizarro are so intimately connected with the more remarkable events of the conquest of America, that their lives would possess great value, even if the extraordinary character of these bold warriors did not give to such a work the exciting interest of romance. The present translation is very creditable to Mrs. Hodson, although we should not have liked it the less had it been a trifle more literal; the lady is rather apt to cut a knot which she finds difficult to untie. This objection, however, will not be seriously felt by the English reader, and, therefore, we ought perhaps to take leave of the subject; but we must ask—in what uncivilized corner of this round ball of earth does Mrs. Hodson reside,

that she, a woman of taste, literature, and scholarship, is not a reader of the *Athenæum*? Why, a friend lately met with the paper at the one solitary farm on the top of the mountain in the island of Ascension. From the bottom of our hearts we pity the lady, and if she can but procure No. 163, she will perceive that she too has cause for regret; but as we passed Don Telesforo de Trucba himself with only a rap on the knuckles for his translation of *maestro-escuela*, our gallantry will on this occasion only refer to that criticism.

The Rural Rector; or, a Sketch of Manners, Learning, and Religion in a Country Parish. 3 vols.

Biographical Sketches in Cornwall. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. 3 vols.
London, Nichols & Son.

"J'en suis bien fâché, dit le bon génie; et moi aussi, dit le mourant; il y a quelque chose là dessous que je ne comprends pas: ni moi non plus, dit le pauvre bon génie." When Voltaire penned the above sentences in his tale of 'Le Blanc et le Noir,' he was little thinking of a crazed author or a bewildered critic; nevertheless, this only proves that the housekeeper's maxim concerning lumber, is no less applicable to literary remarks—"keep a thing seven years, and it is sure to be useful." We are in the condition of *le pauvre bon génie*, and if we mistake not, Mr. Polwhele is equally in the state of *le mourant*. But with such a pleiad of books, (save one,) far be it from us to take up space and time in putting forth little jests of our own. In the pages of the 'Rural Rector,' there is such rich store of the wisdom of the ancients, and the wit of moderns, bound together in sheaves by such bands of Latin puns and Greek apophthegms, that we simply offer ourselves as ear-pluckers, or tasters, or gleaners to the reader; and so bid him welcome to a patriarchal feast of parched corn and bread dipped in vinegar.

The Rev. R. Polwhele, as we find from the foot of his frontispiece, entered this state of existence, in the year that George the Third mounted the throne; and judging from his recorded opinions, he is anxious to leave the world in the state that he found it. Fain, indeed, would he go farther back still; might his hand stay the sunbeams on the dial of improvement, it is not ten degrees of retrogression that would satisfy him; he would boldly ask for the nearest return to midnight, compatible with light to work by. "The Elizabethan era" is the latest period of improvement that he considers it safe to tolerate; "Elizabethan," is to him the synonyme of "Millennial;" and "Good Queen Bess," who, had she read his poetry, would not have scrupled breaking his head with her own royal sceptre, is the Fairy Queen of architecture, religion, morals, schools,—and every et cetera comprised in a government and cognisable by the human mind. But the world is a rude carle, neither willing to stand still, nor go back; it will listen to no good advice that does not begin with "forward," or end with "keep moving":—it cares for no cry that does not articulate,

Charge, Chester, charge; on, STANLEY, on;—wherefore, to shew this reading, writing, questioning, doubting, misbelieving, froward, forward world, the dreadful results of improve-

ment and education, Mr. Polewhele offers in his 'Rural Rector,' the last speech and confession of bigotry in bands. The volumes under this title contain the history of a parish, which, but for assurance that it stands on earth, might be assigned to Jupiter or Saturn; the moon would be too mundane; and, along with the village, might all the inhabitants be transported to another planet, so grotesquely unhuman are their ways and speech, their virtues and their errors. Over this village, yclept Manathon, reigns, not rules, our Rector, Dr. Cyril Atherstane, intended as the beau ideal of a *really* orthodox clergyman; a redeeming light in these latter days of darkness. We append Mr. Polewhele's sketch of this follower of Paul; and if the reader will fancy him a descendant of a Jewish High Priest, we cannot help it:—

"With regard to his church duties, and the dignified manner with which he performed them, I cannot have a better place for observing, that our rector's exterior appearance contributed not a little to his respectability. There were, indeed, some (the innovators of the day) of opinion, that his dress was too precisely canonical for a rural residence. It would have suited (they said) a presentation at court, or an Episcopal Visitation; but, for ordinary occasions, they thought his immense wig, (of a compass far exceeding a modern bishop's,) the rose in his clerical hat, the insignia of the graduate, and of the chaplain, in addition to his gown and cassock, had an air too pompous for a country church. It was, likewise, a parade savouring of ostentation, to walk so often and in so stately a manner, from north to south, from west to east; from the vestry to the desk, from the desk to the altar, from the altar to the vestry, from the vestry to the pulpit, from the pulpit to the vestry, from the vestry to the altar!!! * * * Yet no serious and considerate person, who scrutinized the doctor, from the long broad band that depended from his stock, to the diminutive gold buckles of his shoes, could mark him after the first moment without increasing reverence."

It is true, we are told, of "sound judgment"—"sensitivity and devotional energy"—also, that whilst he did not like to disturb those on a sick bed, he never failed to inculcate on the convalescent, "the whole duty of man;" but of all these virtues we only hear; we see nothing but that bigoted, yet truckling spirit which in Cromwell's time would have stabled dragons in St. Paul's; in Charles the Second's reign, would have drunk "confusion to the Roundheads;" in Queen Anne's, would have cried "the Church in Danger," with Sacheverell; would, in the two first Georges, have combined the "Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender;" and which now takes up a lamentation for "the good old times;" that exquisite religion, which, when it obtains, no matter whether in Catholic, Churchman, or Dissenter, lays its foundation in arrogance, and its strong hold in evil speaking. The sum and substance of 'The Rural Rector,' is to paint the enormities which followed the introduction of a Sunday school—Bell school—Lending Library—and above all, Methodist preaching. There is no vice, no contemptible trick, no folly, and no fool-hardyism, that is not attributed to all who decline bowing down before the rector's "large clerical hat;" or his "diminutive gold buckles." If a youth is hanged, he turns out to have been a "Bell Boy"; if a girl is light in her conduct, she is equally sure to have been a "Bell Girl"; if a farmer's daughter neglects her milking—the neglect

arises from "Bellism"; if a crazy demagogue harangues, he is a "Bellite"; sin is no longer the child of Satan, but of Dr. Bell—in short, so virulent is the 'Rural Rector' against the very name, that we wonder he does not use a gong, to avoid that best species of bell, the bell for dinner; to us, he has lost his identity, either as Mr. Polewhele, or as Dr. Atherstane; now, and for evermore, he is, a new canonical version of 'Bell and the Dragon.' Much the same is his ire against the Lancasterian schools, yet fiercer his dragonade against the Methodists: grosser the charges brought against them—and not only against the Methodists, as a sect, but against such of the clergy as may presume to think a little more light and a little more heat necessary in religion, than thinks the wearer of the Manathon canonicals. "Heaven and Earth may pass away;" they are trifles, and the universe can manage without them; "but not one jot or one tittle" of the modes of speech, belief, or practice authorized by Dr. Cyril Atherstane. Not only would he have us believe that the hairs of every "orthodox" head, are numbered, but even the very hairs of their wigs! As to such riffraff as Methodistical clergy, or unclerical Methodists, with their sermons, their societies, their wealth, their numbers, and their advocates; Providence, being quite too much engaged in watching the proceedings on the Tithe Bill, has delegated Mr. Polewhele to scatter them as the dust of the earth, to tread them small, and afterwards, with his few like-minded friends, to walk over them in the shoes whereon shine "the diminutive gold buckles." Heaven be praised, the 'Rural Rector' speaks the sentiments but of the minority of his order, a minority fast decreasing;—but it is long since we saw volumes so calculated to arouse "the foul fiend" of indiscriminate hatred, to everything established; to stir up strife amongst brethren; to set at nought efforts to do good;—volumes that would have been so mischievous, if they had not fortunately been so stupid. We append a specimen, at once literary and theological:—

"Morenzi had a wife and seventeen children. His ancient family—his refined education—his taste—and his literature, and above all, his 'purity of heart' (for he had indeed a claim to the beatitude) were universally honoured and esteemed, except with the envious and the malevolent. But to another beatitude he had as just a claim—'blessed are they who mourn.' He was not only 'pure in heart,' but he was poor. His numerous offspring had brought him low. And, in addition to pecuniary embarrassments, he had to contend with untoward tempers, to check evil tendencies, to correct faults, to punish vices. There is nothing so much contributes to domestic comfort, yet nothing is so little heeded as the submission of children to a parent's will. Morenzi suffered severely from the inattention of his children to his wishes. He never laid any injunctions on them imperiously, but mildly expressed his desire that they would do one thing or abstain from another. Yet (with the exception of two or three), they followed their own devices; regardless of their father, and scoffing at their mother. But the alienation of one poor deluded girl from her parents, went most to his heart. Julia had enlisted in a *Tea and Bible Society*!!

Much as we sympathize in the domestic sorrows of the intellectual Morenzi, and much as we regret domestic aberrations, yet, as the whole family are described to be bad, and as

only "one poor deluded girl" joined the "Tea and Bible Society," what, we presume to ask, caused the going astray of her sixteen brothers and sisters? This is not a place wherein to argue concerning sects, societies or doctrines, but it is a place to advocate fair dealing towards all; and we must tell Mr. Polewhele that, had he lived when Paul preached at Athens, or Luther denounced the church of Rome, he deceives himself if he thinks he would either have joined the Apostle, or aided the Reformer. To prove that we are not very uncharitable, we give a sentence from his Preface, touching Catholic Emancipation; we blame not the view he takes of that measure, but the *spirit* of the following sentence!—

"After every concession the enemy gained ground. Where there was generosity, he saw timidity. But the law should have taken its course. And if that was not powerful enough, the bayonet should have glittered, (!) and the sabres flashed. (!) They would not have reeked: the rebels would have fled."

Turning from this cool atrocity in the form of an opinion, we now give a specimen of wit from the 'Rural Rector.'

"She turned her humpback upon the Rector; disdaining equally his advice and his pity.

"What!"—cried Man—

"By the living jingo! what a fright!

You great Russian Muscovite."

We are also grateful for an opportunity of quoting from "a Cornish Song," strung together, we are informed, "by a highly-respected friend."—a verse, however, must satisfy our readers' jaws:—

Vel-an-drucka Cracka Cudna
Troozem-hall chun Crowzan-whrah,
Banns Burnahall Brane Bosfrancan,
Treeve Trewhidden Try Trewhah.

But we must draw our notice to a rapid close. Much as Dr. Atherstane deprecates conversions, he condescends at last to avail himself of their agency; at the end of the second volume we have the parish of Manathon in every variety of misery and rebellious doing; by the second chapter of the third volume, we find misery and rebellion transmuted into prosperity and obedience: the change is sudden and happy as the one commemorated in the legend of the 'Old Woman and her Pig.' Long did that venerable lady strive with the animal's contumacity, and ineffectually beg assistance from various quarters. At length (as we are told) there was a simultaneous movement in her favour; "the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the pig began to get over the stile, and so the old woman got home that night." Even thus fares it with the 'Rural Rector' and his Pig, otherwise his parish.

With regard to Mr. Polewhele's 'Biographical Sketches in Cornwall,' they are more honourable to him than his more original work. All the books are most uncouthly printed and got up; but the Sketches, having information and quaint anecdotes, are not without value. Half the profits of both works, Mr. Polewhele dedicates to a charity: to the same charity we dedicate the labour of having read and reviewed them.

The Adventures of Barney Mahoney. By T. C. Croker, Esq. London: Fisher & Co.

If it were possible to imagine any process, by which several sketchy tales selected from the *Annuals*, could be moulded into one anomalous whole, we should say, that it had

been adopted in the manufacture of this little volume. The original idea of describing the adventures of an Irish servant, "neat as imported," in the world of London, seems to have been early abandoned, and the author chose rather to favour us with some amusing sketches of life and character in the several regions of the remote east, the scarcely explored north, and the fashionable west; Barney Mahoney ceases soon to possess intrinsic importance, and is valuable only as forming the link of connexion between the widely severed squares of Finsbury, Russell, and Grosvenor. The steady integrity and commercial independence of the Stapletons, the ambitious poverty of Lady Livincourt, the husband-hunting of the Temples, the mock gentility of Master and the Misses Jones, the Yorkshire rusticity of the Pearsons, and the whimsicalities of old Barton, are each and all better developed, than the mixture of cunning and simplicity designed to be characteristic of Barney. Indeed, the poor hero is badly treated, for he is the worst drawn and least interesting of all the personages in the tale; though we doubt not that, in the original sketch in the author's mind, he was the most prominent and the best designed.

The sketches of character in this little work, differ very much, both in style and merit; but, generally speaking, they all show great knowledge of human nature, in its artificial state, as displayed in the metropolis. The character of Mr. James Jones is manifestly drawn from the life; we could almost swear to having met the original of this portrait:—

"Mr. James Jones 'held a situation' in one of the public offices. Blundering, common-place persons, would have styled him a clerk therein; but, to destroy all notion of this kind, it was declared by himself and sisters, that he occupied the more high sounding, because less understood post, of 'Reader.' His duties were asserted to be paramount to the duties of those employed in the more menial capacity of quill driving; requiring great powers of mind, and unusual exertion of thought. The creature, too, aimed at being considered literary; and accounted for having never 'put out a book' under his own name, on the plea, that, 'Whatever he wrote must be for the government.' Mr. James Jones was, in point of fact, a mere plodding piece of machinery, and made a far better clerk than he would have done a tradesman; and his longer headed father probably foresaw, that his abilities were not adapted to the mercantile profession, and wisely placed him at one of those never varying, mechanical desks, where perseverance and industry were the only talents required. It is ordained, however, that our self-love creates for itself gratification in the very circumstances least creditable to us; and thus it was, that Mr. James Jones felt a comforting consciousness of his employment being by many degrees more genteel than those of his money-making brothers.

"Accident had thrown him amongst a few literary men; and having no wife, nor family, to engross his leisure time, he grasped at the cultivation of their society, as a means of filling up the vacuum of his evening hours. Having, somehow or other, (most probably from the contraction of his ideas,) formed a wonderful notion of the glory of authorship in general, he naturally concluded, that the next best thing to proving himself a literary man, was, to be as much as possible seen in the company of those unquestionably so considered. He might, perhaps, carry his hopes so far, as to expect a little

of their learning would be transferrable by means of friction, and lost no opportunity of seizing a real living professed author by the button, if the slightest introduction had made such a proceeding at all warrantable."

On the whole, this is a light pleasant book, which no one can take up, without being induced to read through, before laying it down.

The Messiah; a Poem, in Six Books. By Robert Montgomery. London, 1832. Turrill.

SOME critics have seen only the beauties, others only the blemishes of Robert Montgomery. This was action and reaction—ridicule was consequent on extravagant praise—and that it was fierce and bitter, was not to be wondered at, seeing how the young poet was flattered, and with what self-complacency he bore up under a load of panegyric, that would have borne a humbler man to the earth. He is grown older and wiser—is content in his preface to forget the past: let us therefore hope that it will be forgotten by others.

Montgomery's chief excellence is a free and flowing melody of verse, and an ardent enthusiasm of language; his chief demerit, is a want of simplicity—a turbid splendour of language, through which the sentiments show like shadows in a troubled stream. We are inclined, too, to set down as a fault, his desire to measure himself with the demigods of song, by a selection of the most magnificent subjects: 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' and 'The Messiah,' are all themes for which few have holiness enough or genius sufficient—they are of the very highest order, and demand an inspiration such as no one has shown since the days of Milton. His audacity of choice, and his desire to

Ride on the volleyed lightning through the heavens,
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweep the long tract of day;

are manifest enough, but his wings are unequal to such flights, and we think he would act not unwisely in selecting for his muse less lofty topics. Besides all this, in matters which concern men's redemption, we are disposed to confide in Scripture without gloss or comment; nor are we willing to believe that it can either be improved by man's ingenuity, or brightened by his genius. We have accepted the story of Christ's life, as one of the sternest of all settled truths; and we know that no one can tell us more than has already been written by the Apostles, or revealed by God. In short, it is a matter which cannot be exalted by imagination, nor rendered more hallowed by the most consummate genius: and we wish it to be let alone in the glory of its simplicity. It has, however, been the pleasure of the poet to select this theme, and we must proceed to see how he has acquitted himself.

'The Messiah' of Robert Montgomery, may be called a blank verse chronicle of Christ, in which the crimes and atrocities which rendered his coming needful, are set fully forth, together with the characters of the chief prophets who preceded his appearance; but the poet chiefly lays out his strength in delineating the meek spirit, the god-like humility, the remarkable endurance, and final atonement of the Saviour; and it cannot be denied, that he has retained the sentiments,

and caught on many occasions the spirit of the older days. There are many tender passages; many scriptural pictures; many domestic images and skilful groupings of circumstances and events. But what we seek for and seldom find, is that austere simplicity which clothes all sentiments in language, clear, graphic, and precise; the fire of Robert Montgomery is accompanied by too much smoke; he will not allow the current of his verse to flow naturally onward; he smothers his sentiments in a colossal magnificence of diction, and hangs so many flowery garlands upon the plain narrative of the New Testament, that we are sometimes at a loss to know the sentiments which the Apostles wrote. We wish the poet would but look at the second Poem of Homer—at the Book of Job—the Prophecies of Isaiah—the Paradise Lost or Regained of Milton—nay, the 'Task' of Cowper, and learn that the simplest language is ever the most poetic and effective.

The passages which please us most in this poem, are those which may be called epical; what he has seen with his own eyes, the poet portrays clearly enough. The following description of a church-yard, is graphic and poetical:—

There is a haunt, whose quietude of scene
Accordeth well with hours of solemn hue,—
A churchyard, buried in a beauteous vale,
Besprinkled o'er with green and countless graves,
And mossy tombs of unambitious pomp
Decaying into dust again. No step
Of mirth, no laughter of unfeeling life
Amid the calm of death, that spot profanes;
The skies o'erarch it with serenest love;
The winds, when visiting the dark-bough'd elms,
An airy anthem sing; and birds and bees,
That in their innocence of summer joy,
Exult and carol with commingling glee,
But add to Solitude the lull of sound;
There is an ocean,—but his unheeded waves
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;
Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone
Of waters, mellow'd into music, dies,
Like that which echoes from the world afar,
Or lingers round the path of perish'd years!

There is much that is sweet and touching in the picture of an unbeliever, misled for a time by fancy and by doubt:—

In vain the witchery of words would tell,
How deep with the universe he shared,
To all of which he seem'd enlink'd by love.—
The hues and harmonies of blended things
Were beauty to the magic of his mind:
And all the thousand wheels of moving life
Made intellectual melodies, that roll'd
For ever to the charming of his soul!
Such warm imaginings, where'er he came,
A glittering falsehood on the true and stern
Suffused; and through the light of feeling shone
The scene of Earth, and countenance of Heaven.—
The young enchantment of angelic spring
Flow'd in his veins, voluptuously deep.
The gentle being of a flower was dear
To him, nor would he tread its life away;
Nor wander in the soundless gloom of dell
Or grove, without a sympathetic hush.
And oh! to view him when the star-crown'd night
Screened the ruffled world, and from her throne
The lustrous moon on tree and temple pour'd
The pallid radiance of her peaceful smile,—
In the full worship of his soul he seem'd
Dissolving in the loveliness around!

We have seen the sabbath-day better described than we have it in 'The Messiah,' still we like it as Montgomery looks at it:—

But ah! that day of spiritual delight,
Revered of old, and by our fathers blest,—
The Sabbath! England, is thy hallowed morn
Of holiness, when Heaven remembers thee
With more pervading love, and sheds abroad
A balm that beautifies the face of things:
Redemption brought the day; and long may sounds,
From steeple towers of venerable gloom,
Or minsters brown that deck the hawthorn vales,—
Of Sabbath music, on the breezy wings
Of matin rise, and soft emotions crowd
The soul that listens to their tender chime.—

And thus, while unpolluted altars stand
O'er time secure, and Christian an'our keep
The virtues of our glorious land alive,—
Jehovah! still for us Thine arm will rule;
And Ocean, faithful to his island-born,
Preserve the clime whose sceptre bows to Thee!

We must draw the reader's attention to sterner scenes than these, because many of the author's admirers think his strength lies that way: we are of a different opinion; still, we will not deny the beauty and force of some of the lines of the following passage, which introduces John the Baptist:—

Beside the waters of th' unliving sea,
Where buried cities left their ghastly wreck
In tomb-like waste, the prophet chanced to muse,
And dream of dark Gomorrah, and the loud
Despair of millions, when the thunder knell'd,
And rapidly a burning deluge came!—
An airy stillness, solitude sublime
Was there; no bird upon enchanted wing,
No murmur, but the reedy moan of banks
Of sickly herbage; or, the creeping sound
Of Jordan, dragging his sepulchral way:
Sea, sky, and air, in one unearthly calm
Reposed! In such a scene of lifeless gloom,
While mused the Baptist on the guilt of Man,
A mighty impulse, an inspiring power
Of inspiration on his spirit came!
He felt the God! and, fill'd with sacred fire,
To Jordan hasten'd;—soon the region round
"Repent ye!" heard each hill and vale repeat.
Where ran the holiest of holy streams
That wind and glitter through green Palestine,
His cry awoke; from hence a warning rung,
How terribly! before it, passions fled
Like waves before the wind: not a Judah's realm
To Alexandria's clime, his solemn threat
Was echoed, till around the Baptist throng'd
All sects and nations, to repent and live,
By lavings waters of baptismal power.
There stood the Sadducee! with eye unsealed,
To see the darkness of the grave illum'd
By words immortal; there, the glozing tribe
Of Pharisees, with frighted soul appal'd
For mercy! cowering as the prophet cried,
"Ye viper! who hath warn'd you from the wrath
To come?—Repentance! let thy fruits appear;
The axe is laid, and every fruitless tree
Shall wither!—lo! the fire of vengeance falls!"

We not unwillingly make room for the poet's reflections on the Crucifixion—they have the faults and beauties which we have ascribed to the whole work:—

A tragedy which made the sun expire,
And earth to throb, is ended! and the night
O'er Palestine her dewy wings unfolds:
On Calvary the solemn moonbeams lie
All chill and lovely, like the trance smiles
Which light the features, when the pangs of death
Have ceased to flutter, and the face is still.
The stars are trooping, and the wintry air
Is mellow'd with a soft mysterious glow
Caught from their beauty: not a vapour mows
The stainless welkin, where the moon aloft
One blue immensity of sky commands.
Save where the fringe of some minutest cloud
Hangs like an eyelid on a brilliant orb,
Then withers, in pervading lustre lost.
Few hours have fled, and yon trampled hill
Was shaken with a multitude, who foam'd
And raged beneath the agonizing God!
But Nature hath her calm resumed; and Night,
As if to spread oblivion o'er the day
And give Creation a salubrious rest,
In balm and beauty on the world descends!
The crowds have vanish'd, like the waves that die
And leave a shore to quietude again:
Some in their dreams, perchance, the day renew,—
The darkness, earthquake, and that loud Farewell!
But then! upon a kindly couch reposed,
The judge of Jesus, could thy soul conceive
That, long as time's recorded truths endure,
Thy name, united to this awful day,
Would live,—when all the Cæsars are forgot!

We have said our worst, and we have said our best of Robert Montgomery. We foresee that his poem will be much abused, and much praised, and that harsh things will be uttered, perhaps respecting himself. We are of those who have always perceived in him a fair portion of poetic power: we expected, as time matured his taste, that he would sober down his mistempered style into something more simple and graceful; and we are willing to persuade ourselves, that this desirable reformation is visible in parts of 'The Messiah.' We have heard that

he is preparing himself for the church: if this be so, on many heads less inspired, have ordaining hands been laid; and we think that both the talents and conduct of Robert Montgomery merit the notice of those who are anxious to bestow pulpits on the worthy.

Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès. Vols. V. & VI.

[Second Notice.]

Our next extracts relate to Robert, the celebrated painter, who, being at Rome as a pupil of the French Academy, was near perishing in the catacombs of St. Sebastian. He had gone thither to study the frescoes, and lost the ball of thread which served to guide him through the maze of these enormous vaults.

Robert in the Catacombs.

"Robert was a kind and excellent man. He was a man of intellect—he had seen much, retained a great deal, had a very correct judgment, and his conversation was delightful. How cold and colourless is his adventure in the catacombs, as related by Delille, when compared with the rapid and animated narrative which he himself made at my fire-side in his seventy-ninth year. It inspired, no doubt, some very fine verses in Delille's poem; but how cold is this poetry—how devoid of true soul-exciting interest those expressions, by the side of the simple narrative of the real danger they were intended to describe!—whilst the words of this interesting old man, feeble and infirm by the pressure of fourscore years, placed vividly before your eyes the ardent youth of twenty, consigned alive to the tomb, and in the horror of a lingering death, dragging his weary and exhausted limbs over those stones which he came to depict! How eloquent was he, when speaking of that prospect of fame, which the mind of an artist can open to his own fascinated imagination; when describing the first hours of his labour in those melancholy vaults, by the hazy and lurid light of a solitary torch, with his bright prospects before him as he then saw them, vast, luminous, and in beauty incomparably beyond all he had ever before imagined! And then a curtain of lead hid the whole from his view! He had dreams of heaven; and he found himself in the thralldom of death! To his most delightful thoughts, succeeded the recollections of his mother, whom he was never more to behold!—of his country! Then came physical pain, with nature's powerful voice. He was hungry—he thirsted—he suffered the most cruel tortures. But what expressions could describe the madness of his joy, when, placing his hand upon a heap of human bones, whose chill froze him more than the coldest marble—for were not his own soon to be added to the heap?—his fingers encountered the protecting ball of thread! This could be expressed only in his own words, uttered by himself. In mentioning the circumstance here, I merely describe my recollection of the feelings his story inspired."

Robert on the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

"Robert was one day at St. Peter's. The hour of divine service was past, and he was almost alone. The silent and religious quiet of this vast edifice, was interrupted only by the footsteps of a few casual visitors. Robert cast on all sides his look of ardent enthusiasm, in search of new wonders. On a sudden, he saw a rope descend from the opening at the top of the grand cupola; a workman having approached, fastened to it a bucket of water, and it again ascended. The roof was out of repair, and some masons were at work upon it. This gave him the idea of ascending to the cupola.

"I was curious," said he, "to examine as closely as possible the injury done to this colossus of modern architecture, which, shooting up towards heaven, seems contemptuously to say to the ruined monuments around it, *I am eternal*. Its pride seemed to me much lowered. That rope, that bucket, and that solitary workman, struck me as contemptible."

"He ascended the dome. On his arrival at the summit, he was struck with admiration and wonder at the magnificent prospect before him. It was a splendid and living panorama, lighted by sunbeams, so different from those of every other country, covering nature with a bright and glorious veil of beautiful colours, which floats over the buildings, trees, and land of Italy alone. He then looked more nearly around him, and perceived a few workmen repairing some slight damage done to the roof of the dome. To obtain water with greater ease, they had placed across the opening of the cupola two long planks tied together; over them a rope was thrown, which descended into the church. These planks might be two feet and a half in width, and as the apparatus was intended merely to support a bucket of water, no one cared whether it would or would not bear a greater weight.

"Looking on these things with the eyes of a young man of twenty, with eyes that see danger only to brave and laugh at it, Robert began to think that it must be a singular sight to behold St. Peter's from top to bottom, the reverse of the manner in which every thing that has *base* and *summit* is generally seen—namely, from bottom to top. This idea soon took such possession of his mind, that he must needs satisfy it. Never once calculating whether the plank across this opening, which was three hundred feet from the ground, was strong enough to bear his weight, he placed one foot upon it, then the other, and behold him upon this dangerous bridge, without any possibility of turning back!

"When, for the first time he told me this story, the instant I saw him upon the plank, suspended, as it were, between heaven and the hard marble floor, upon which he might be dashed to atoms, I was seized with a giddiness such as he might himself be expected to have felt when in this critical situation. We surrounded him closely, eager to catch every word he uttered, and following him step by step across this dangerous bridge.

"Scarcely had I performed a third of my journey," said he, "when, eager to enjoy the spectacle I sought, I cast my eyes below! At the same instant, a hissing sound whizzed through my ears, my head became covered with a veil of darkness, succeeded by one of fire,—I was seized, in short, with the most horrible vertigo. Fortunately, I had presence of mind immediately to shut my eyes and stand still. I cannot express to you what I felt at this moment, when I heard voices close to my ears, uttering in whispers the most dreadful blasphemies! It was the workmen! I opened my eyes to continue my perilous journey, for I felt that if I remained a minute longer in this situation, I should die even without falling."

"He was advancing with a firm step upon that narrow plank, when he felt the wood crack under him! He was then in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body, so much greater than that of the water-bucket, must necessarily break the bridge, and he be precipitated to the bottom.

"Ah!" said a lad, who heard the wood crack, 'the plank is rotten! The unhappy man will fall!'

"He did not pronounce the word; for the head workman placed his hand upon the lad's mouth.

"When Robert reached the other side, and saw the plank, the abyss, and death behind him,

he fell upon his knees and poured forth his humble thanksgivings to Almighty God for his delivery from danger.

"Ah! my friends," said he to the workmen, with a smile of ineffable joy and his eyes swimming in tears, 'how happy I am!'

"But instead of sharing his delight, the workmen seized and beat him furiously.

"Cursed Frenchman! rascal! scoundrel!" howled the chorus of masons, 'villain, how you frightened us!'

There can be few of our readers, who have not heard of Clairon, the celebrated actress. The amiable Duchess introduces us personally to her, though at a very advanced age.

Visit to Mademoiselle Clairon.

"We at length reached Issy, and stopped at the gate of a house, whose dilapidated and deserted state surprised me. I could not comprehend, how an elderly person, and a female too, could live in such a place. The servant who attended us, rang a long time, before he could make himself heard, except by seven or eight of the canine species, who barked treble, counter, tenor, and bass. After some time, an old woman opened the gate. The style of her dress astonished me—I thought I was in a dream. It was a fantastic mixture of the fashions of the two last centuries. On seeing M. Brunetière, the old *femme de chambre*, for such was her office, as indicated by her apron of festooned muslin, with knots of ribbon at the pockets, uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah! how happy wilt Mademoiselle be! You are come at last! And this is Miss Alexandrine, is it not? Oh! how she resembles you! Dear young lady, you have such a worthy papa!—And now, that we have no fruit to offer to this dear young lady!"

"During this speech, M. Brunetière had helped me out of the cabriolet; we crossed the court-yard, and were at length ushered into the presence of the lady of the house.

"The latter was a very old woman, in spite of the title of Mademoiselle, bestowed upon her. Of a noble stature in her youth, age had not deprived her of any portion of it. Her hair, quite white, but without powder, was, after the manner of the Greeks, turned-up and fastened behind, and so parted in front as to uncover a forehead of admirable form, and display eyebrows, whose motions accompanied those of a calm yet animated eye. The dress of this lady, whose appearance awed me at first, was as extraordinary as that of her waiting-maid. Though the weather was warm, she wore a muslin mantle—not upon her shoulders, as others wore them, but round her body, like the ancients. She had on an upper gown, shorter than the other, and evidently made to be worn with a tunic. This robe was white, as was also the under one, and embroidered with a garland of laurel. The singular being I have described, who seemed to me so different from every woman I had before seen, and yet attracted me in spite of myself, was seated in a large arm-chair, with her feet upon a bear's skin, and a table covered with books, before her. A marble bust of Voltaire, of the greatest beauty, and a portrait of Lekain, were directly in front of her; whilst several other busts and portraits were placed against a wall, scarcely covered with paper of the commonest kind, and which the damp had caused to fall off in strips. The miserable state of the house appeared, perhaps, more strongly marked in this apartment, because it surrounded by its desolation, an elderly female, whose appearance indicated that she had been accustomed to enjoy the elegancies of life.

"On perceiving M. Brunetière, she frowned, drew in her lips by a movement which I have only seen in her, and exclaimed,

"So, Sir, you are come at last; and why did

not your ambassador come also? He would have been able to judge in person of the elegant asylum left to Idame, Electra and Semiramis!" And raising one of her arms in a theatrical manner, she pointed to a part of the ceiling, through which the rain could penetrate into the room we were in, although situated on the ground-floor.

"What!" continued she, with an accent I cannot describe, 'What! can the Baron de Staël thus violate his word, his pledged faith? Why, Sir, do not you, who know his engagements with me, oblige him to keep them?'

"I listened, and looked with astonishment at this woman, so singular in her speech and dress, and yet, who did not create in me the least desire to laugh; I even felt much pain at her complaints. M. Brunetière, who was not to blame in this affair, advanced towards her with a degree of respect, that seemed to mollify her, and naming me, said—

"Her mother was a Comnenos."

"The old lady tried to rise, but it was impossible.

"Mademoiselle," said she, 'I well knew your uncle and your father; they did me the honour to come and see me sometimes. I am delighted at receiving the same attention from you. Will you permit me?'

"And taking my hand, she kissed me on the forehead with a degree of solemnity that made M. Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of a person who inspired me with a sort of respect, amid the ruins of ages gone by. I looked at my guardian, who at last took pity upon me.

"You perceive," said he, pointing to the bust of Voltaire, and the portrait of Lekain, 'that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by choice spirits, worthy of her and her reputation.'

"But I looked not at the direction of his hand. My eyes were riveted on the extraordinary person, whose name I now knew. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admirable in the characters of Electra, Amenaïde, Idame, and Semiramis; that woman sung by Voltaire, and praised by all Europe;—I saw her before me, almost an octogenarian, in a state bordering upon poverty. I looked at her, and my look perhaps betrayed my thoughts; for, taking my hand with the only one she could use—the other was palsied—she said—

"Yes, dear young lady, it is Clairon whom you behold. I am that actress, whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces, and whom all Europe came to hear declaim the verses of that immortal genius." And she bowed to the bust of her poet.

"My country has been grateful and liberal, in praises," added she, smiling bitterly; 'it has bestowed chaplets upon me.' And her hand was again directed towards the bust of Voltaire. I then perceived, for the first time, that it was surrounded with wreaths of foliage, many papers, and other objects, which Mademoiselle Clairon had, no doubt, received, during her long dramatic career.

"My guardian, perceiving how much this once celebrated lady interested me, begged her to recite a few verses of one of her favourite parts. She became thoughtful an instant, and then began the beautiful soliloquy of Electra, the whole of which she gave us, with the most remarkable power and talent. I know not if we could find anything so perfect now-a-days. * * *

I was delighted with her, and determined often to accompany my guardian to Issy.

"She was fond of conversation, and talked well. Her language was classically pure. She expressed great contempt for what was new. She told us, that there was a little fellow called Talma, who had audaciously given out that he was a pupil of hers. 'I know not,' said she,

'how he acts, but no matter. I have begged that miserable successor of Fréron, who suffers not the dead to repose in peace, any more than the living, to put into his paper, that I never gave M. Talma any lessons.'

"But, he has great talents," I observed very timidly, for I was awed by her royal air.

"Oh! I do not contest that point," she politely replied, but with an accent which means—I do not believe you.

"On taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon, I asked permission to visit her again, which she granted in the most gracious manner."

The Village Poor-house. By a Country Curate. London: Smith & Elder.

THIS is a little pithy, graphic, and sarcastic volume; the curate is a stern painter, and has, in the course of some fifty pages, taken a few Hogarth-like sittings of the parish poor, the parochial authorities, and the resident and non-resident dignities of the church. We know not what his sermons are like, but we pray to be delivered from the censure of his songs. There is no little vigour, and too much truth in the contrast, which the following passage affords:—

Within yon paper-window'd room,
A group in sadness and in gloom
Is sitting,—and, though no one speaks,
Look only on their eyes and cheeks!
It needs no language to express
Their tale of misery and distress;—
The Village Poor-house—paupers they—
Men—youth, and sinewy, and strong,
Condemn'd to see, day after day,
Their moments creep along
In sloth—for they have nought to do,
And—start ye not—in hunger, too!
Yes! hunger, gnawing like a worm,
Yet armed with more than reptile fangs,
Wearing away the manly form,
While scarce tobacco soothes its pangs.
And women—youth,—they might be fair,
Save that the blackness of despair
Is shed o'er every feature there;—
And gives to lips that might have smil'd
A curl of desperation wild;—
To eyes that might have beam'd, a look
Which virtue cannot wear nor brook!
Such are they in that chamber dim,
Silent, and desolate, and grim.

There's a wit at the Parson's board to-day,
How fast he speaks, and the party how gay!
The gentlemen roar—at a college joke,
The ladies blush—at an equivocal—
And ever as livelier leaps the champagne,
Still merrier grows the jester's strain.
Ha! Ha!—how his puns would fall flat and dead
If his auditors' souls were faint for bread!
How shudderingly from his quips they'd start,
If hunger and thirst were gnawing the heart!
Music!—a lady's jewell'd finger
Fondly seems to love to linger
O'er the harp's enamour'd string
Ere she opens her lip to sing
Roses—praises—bliss, and kiss,
Every hand is raised in praise
Of the sentimental lays,
And tears, aye, tears,—are seen to pour
O'er the mock miseries of Moore!

The song of the curate has many such pictures; the lines we are about to quote, are not too good for a dean:—

'Tis sweet, on such a balmy morn,
To hear the village church bells borne
Merrily swinging o'er mount and vale,—
'I'll lay you any wager
'Tis a wedding!—Done! done! for a flaggon of ale!
Aye,—there goes the triple Bob-Major,
Jingling merrily far and near,
And enlivening all the people.
Three crows disturb'd, spread out their black wings,
On which the bright sunshine glows fling,
And ever as gaily the wedding peal rings,
They hover around the steeple
Ca! ca! high up in the middle air;
I marvel, if that be a curse or a prayer.
Well, I declare! 'tis a beautiful sight—
Six pretty maidens dress'd trimly in white,
And see, all stiffen'd with velvet and silk,
The Bride, in a bonnet as spotless as milk.
Louder and louder, the bells ring out,
And a crowd has collected all round about,
And off in four gigs sweeps the cavalcade—
The Butler has wedded the Lady's-Maid.

The Butler has two score and ten pounds a year,
The key of the cellar and cock of the beer,
A hard-working man you may solemnly swear,
For he stands every day at his master's chair,
And, after such labour, how hard is his fate,
He must lock up the bottles and count the plate;
Ah! truth to say, he's the worst used of men,
His pounds should be double of two score and ten.

The Lady's-Maid! she's to be pitied too,
She has twenty pounds, and so much to do,
To curl up her mistress's hair night and morning—
It leaves so little time for her own adorning;—
And just when dear Jenkins is saying sweet things,
To be off in the midst, if her lady's bell rings—
In short, she's surrounded with toils and woes,
And wears all her mistress's cast-off clothes.

Besides tinging her cheek with rouges and plaster,
And listening nonsensical tales from her master;—
With labour and cares her position abounds,
And all for a trifle of twenty pounds!
Rumour asserts,—but then Rumour's a liar,—
That the Butler's first-born will resemble the Squire.
Come! let us off to the sign of the Flail,
You have fairly lost me a flaggon of ale.

The rich and the titled would do well to
look at the passage with which we must
conclude; it contains a true unvarnished
picture of human wretchedness, drawn by
the hand of one who knows humble life and
high:—

With spade on shoulder, toil-bespent,
A workman crosses o'er the stile,—
Within his eye ye read content,
And happiness in every smile.
Hark! is he singing?—No such thing,
His heart is much too full to sing.
Is he weary?—thirsty?—cold?
All day long, since morning's peep,
He's been ditching in the mould,
In mud and water ankle deep.
Home that happy man's returning—
Doubtless there's a bright fire burning;
Thirsty from his toil severe—
Doubtless there's some home-brew'd beer.
Happy man! how blest is he!
How much more happy than the bee!
A fire!—No wood has he to burn—
No tankard foams at his return:
Off to his pallet let him creep,
And sink reality in sleep.
But, ere to slumber he is past,
What's the sound that meets him last?
Is it children's gentle voices?
(To father's ear most blest of noises),
Children laughing loud and long,
Or bursting into joyful song?
Laughing they are not—nor singing,
Yet their voices loud are ringing;
They have gathered round his bed,
They have been but scantily fed,—
They are asking him for bread.
Oh lullaby, supremely blest!
What dreams must beautify his rest!

There's a mountain of beef, and a river of ale,
And a fiddle is sounding all over the vale;
Oh! what a beautiful vision to see,
For the man is as hungry as hungry can be;
He has cut a huge slice from the mountain's fat side,
He has dipt a huge bowl in the river's brown tide,
He has opened his mouth, he has muttered a grace,
When a crowd rushes in, and he's push'd from his
place!
The mountain's devoured by a grim tax receiver,
A pot-bellied parson drinks up all the river;
A gaunt overseer clutches hold of his slice,
And empties his brown brimming bowl in a trice,—
And, presto! begone! for the mountain and stream,
And the fiddle's gay notes, disappear from his dream.

There is something of an original air about
these scenes, and others with which this small
volume abounds, which shows they come
from one who has studied the subject. The
reckless glee, and devil-may-care sort of
complexion, which some of the pages exhibit,
would half persuade us that the author is of
the laity; on closer inspection, however, we
are disposed to believe that he assumed this
costume, for the sake of making a stronger
impression, and arresting the notice of the
careless. Be that as it may, there is much
talent in the poem, and we hope that it will
attract the attention of "the first in talents,
first in honour, and first in the hearts of his
countrymen—Lord Brougham," to whom it
is addressed.

Lights and Shadows of American Life.

Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols.
London. Colburn & Bentley.

"It is a fact," says Sir Walter, in the introduction to the new edition of the 'Betrothed,' "that publishers and authors, however much their general interests are the same, may be said to differ so far as title-pages are concerned; and it is a secret of the tale-telling art, if it could be termed a secret worth knowing, that a taking title, as it is called, best answers the purpose of the bookseller, since it often goes far to cover his risk, and sells an edition, not unfrequently, before the public have well seen it." This secret, a secret no longer, will explain the title given to this work, which is a selection from native American Tales, two collections of which Miss Mitford has already published—the lady herself contributing nothing but her name, and a preface of three pages. We mention this that our readers may understand clearly the nature of the work—not disparagingly, for, to us, American tales have great interest, and from them may be gained a better insight into the manners, customs, and feelings of the people, than from all the volumes of travels that were ever written. Of the general merit of this selection we are hardly competent to offer an opinion—many of the pieces we were before acquainted with—two, indeed, are from the 'Tales of the North-west,' reviewed a short time since in this paper—the work is of varied interest and character, but we greatly prefer such tales as are local, graphic, and strong in American feelings. For this reason we shall make our present extracts from a very clever story—'The Young Backwoodsman,' in which the removal of a clergyman's family from New England to the Mississippi—with the first difficulties of location, and all the anxious thoughts and hopes of the settlers, are pictured with great truth and power—the following is a clever sketch of

Settlers on their March.

"I need not describe the departure of this family from their New England home. * * * Many tears were shed upon all sides. Mr. Mason himself found it was a different thing from his imaginings to break away from such a place, where he had so long identified his feelings with the joys and sorrows of the people. * * * His fair and loved wife, pale, shrinking, and in tears, kissed her mother. The children kissed their schoolmates. Old people said, 'Good by, Mr. Mason; pray for us; we shall never see you again.' The children, their eyes red and swollen with weeping, were packed, along with Mrs. Mason and the bulky baggage, into a two-horse waggon. Young George sat in front as driver. Amidst suppressed weeping, and almost inaudible farewells, with his hat drawn over his eyes, George started his team. The family dog saw that matters went wrong, and whined piteously, as he followed the lingering steps of his master, who walked behind the waggon, to indulge in the sad luxury of the last look at his church-spire, glittering in the sun-beams of a bright morning in autumn.

"I trust there are few readers who cannot fill out the picture of the feelings, trials, and accidents, of such a family, in their journey to the western hills. They can imagine how often the horses were knocked up, the harness broke, and the carriage escaped upsetting. They can imagine, how often the children cried with

fatigue and sleepiness at night; and how fresh, alert, and gay, they were, when setting out, after a full breakfast, on a bright sunny morning; how often they were brought in contact with rough and unfeeling people; how often, in their tavern bills, and bills for repairs, they dealt with harpies, eager to wrest from them a portion of their scanty pittance. But, if they met with many painful occurrences on this long route, there were many pleasant ones too. If the gullied road or the rain-washed precipices rendered the way almost impassable to their waggon, in other places they found many miles in succession of pleasant travelling. On the whole, there were many more fair days than stormy ones. George proved himself, for a boy of his years, a firm and admirable driver. While he was whistling on the front of the waggon, and cheering his horses, and the children were asleep among the baggage, the husband and wife walked many a pleasant mile, seating themselves occasionally for rest on the breezy side of a hill or mountain, and tracing back, as on a map, the dusty road, the river, villages, spires, mansions, and groves, which they had passed. Nor will the feeling and experienced traveller in this emigrating march fail to add to the picture, the dog, reposing at their feet, whenever they rested."

The husband sinks under the laborious duties of his new situation, and the following is an affecting picture of

A Funeral in the Mississippi Forest.

"There was no white person at that time within thirty miles, who was accustomed to perform the usual religious duties on that occasion. This circumstance was stated to Mrs. Mason. It aroused her feelings from the stupefaction of her distress to think that the remains of her dear husband, who had so many hundred times uttered the voice of prayer over the lifeless bodies of others, should be carried to his long home without prayer. Pompey, a converted methodist slave of Mr. Garvin's, was in the habit of preaching to the negroes, and of praying at their funerals. Mrs. Mason very properly preferred that he should perform the funeral solemnities of her husband, rather than have none on the occasion. Through a pardonable relic of former passions, and the feelings which had been nurtured in another country and another order of things, Mrs. Mason chose that the body of her deceased husband should be placed in the coffin, robed in the gown and bands, the insignia of his former office and standing.

"I should be glad to give the reader as distinct an image as I have myself of this rustic funeral in the Mississippi forest. I see the two solitary cabins standing in the midst of the corn, which overtopped the smaller cabin. I see the high and zig zag fence, ten rails high, that surrounds the field, and the hewn puncheon steps in the form of crosses, by which the people crossed over the fence into the enclosure; the smooth and beaten foot-path amidst the weeds, that leads through the corn-field to the cabins. I see the dead trees throwing aloft their naked stems from amidst the corn. I mark the square and compact enclosure of the deep green forest, which limits the prospect to the summits of the corn-stalks, the forest, and the sky. A path is cut through the corn a few feet wide to a huge sycamore, left in its full verdure in one corner of the field, where Mr. Mason used to repose with George when he was weary, and where he had expressed a wish, during his sickness, that he might be buried. Under that tree is the open grave. Before the door of the cabin, and shaded by the western slope of the sun behind it, is the unpainted coffin, wanting the covering plank. In it is the lifeless form of the pastor, the cheek blanched to the colour of the bands about the neck, and contrasting so strongly with

the full and flowing black silk robe, in which, in the far country of his birth, he had been accustomed to go up to the house of the Lord. I see the white mothers, their children, and a considerable number of blacks, who had been permitted to attend the funeral, in consideration of the service which was to be performed by one of their number. I see the tall and swarthy planters, with the sternness and authority of the rude despotism which they exercise over their slaves, and their conscious feeling of their standing and importance impressed upon their countenances. I see the pale faces of the little group of mourners, struggling hard with nature against lamentation and tears. They could not have, and they needed not, the expensive and sable trappings, which fashion has required for the show of grief. Their faded weeds and their mended dresses were in perfect keeping with the utter despondency in their countenances, and their forlorn and desolate prospects.

"The assembled group was summoned to prayer. The black, who officiated, was dressed, by the contributions of his fellow-servants of the whole settlement, in a garb as nearly like that of the methodist ministers, who were in the habit of preaching in the settlement, as the case would admit. The position was to him one of novelty and awe. His honest and simple heart was affected with the extreme distress of the mourners, and the trying position in which he was placed. He began at first in awkward and unsuccessful attempts to imitate the language and manner of educated ministers. He soon felt the hopelessness of the effort; and poured out the earnest, simple, and spontaneous, effusions of real prayer, in the tones of the heart, and in language not less impressive from being uttered in the dialect of a negro. He dissolved into tears from his own earnestness; and, while the honest and sable faces of his fellow-servants were bathed in tears, the contagion of sympathy extended through the audience, producing a general burst of grief. I should despair of being able at all to catch the living peculiarities and dialect of the discourse, or exhortation, which followed.

"The poor earnest slave poured forth from the fullness of his heart all the motives of resignation, patience, and hope, that his retentive memory and the excitement of his feelings enabled him to utter. * * * The audience melted anew into tears, as he proceeded; and those of Mrs. Mason, and those of her children who were able to comprehend, were tears of resignation and religion. * * *

"When the hymn was closed, the man, who officiated as master of ceremonies on the occasion, proposed to those who wished to take a last look at the deceased to come forward. * * * Mrs. Mason walked firmly to the coffin, and all her children came round her. They looked long, and without tears, at the pale and careworn countenance and the deep and sunken eye of the husband, the father, the being who had been, next to God, their stay and their dependence. * * * The look of unutterable thoughts and feelings was over. The unpainted cover was applied to the coffin, and the nails were driven. Twelve of the most substantial planters were the bearers. The mourners walked directly behind the coffin, and the whole mass followed through the corn-field in a crowd. The coffin was let down into the grave, and the fresh and black soil was heaped upon it. According to the affecting and universal custom of that region, each one present took up a handful of earth, and threw it into the grave. A couple of stakes were planted, the one at the head, and the other at the foot; the neighbours dispersed to their several abodes; and the widow and her children returned to their desolate dwelling."

We must relieve this melancholy story with the maiden speech of an American

senator—the greatest triumph of eloquence ever witnessed in the state:—

"Sir-r-r!—If I possessed the power to flash conviction, as the lightning does upon the bosom of the thunder-cloud, redundant with fire and brimstone: Sir-r-r, if I could wrest from the sceptre—I mean, if I could wrest the sceptre from reason, and rob the spheres of the music of their voices: Sir-r-r, if I could, by any effort of this feeble hand and tremulous body, pour the tremendous and overwhelming flood of conviction like a wall of adamant over your souls, until they melted in the red hot embers of conviction: Sir-r-r, if I could freeze your hearts till they offered an icy barrier to the intrusion of all selfish considerations, and reared the massy column of their waters up to the topmost pinnacle of the arching skies: Sir-r-r, if I could swallow up, at a single effort of my imagination, the possibility of believing it possible that the cries of the orphan, the bewailings of reckless and wretched poverty—the exhortations of the halt, the dumb, and the deaf—the mother's groans—the weeping stones—the orphan's moans——"

Here, it appears, the orator was interrupted by a burst of hysterical tears from the beautiful blue eyes of the widow of the honourable Roger Pegg, who was carried home fainting.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

In spite of the political tempest which, for these ten days, has "hurtled in the darken'd air," the muses of literature have not neglected to bring their offerings to our Library Table. Though none of the dignitaries in either verse or prose have been coquetting with the public just now, we must not look lightly on humbler or unknown names: out of such recruits must the ravages of time, in the disciplined ranks of literature be supplied; we therefore welcome, with much cordiality, all hopeful adventurers in that "land of dread"—the domains of verse and prose.

'*Scenes from the Belgian Revolution*, by C. F. Henningsen. In the 'Last of the Sophis,' by this author, there were many striking passages, and the same may be said respecting the 'Scenes in Belgium.' What we like least is that kind of feverish flow of words which, like a disturbed stream, allows no image or thought to be seen distinctly. There is much said, and little done—a fault from which the best authors are free. We could easily select a few clever passages from this poem. The entry of the Prince into Brussels is well described:—

Yet on, as fearless and as bold,
He dashed amid the double row
Of human faces, stern and cold.
Or glancing hatred from the brow
That bent to see the chieftain pass,
Where undisguised stood many a foe,
Amid that armed and lawless mass;
The boldest might have quaked to go,
And trembled with a hundred lives.
Yet he who hath been seen to ride
Through battle—amid butchers' knives,
And pikes waved threatening by his side,
Where fancy might have thought to see
The streaming blood and gory head,
Now took his way as fearlessly,
As if mid forest branches spread;
And only smiled when, menacing,
Their taunts and scorn around him grew,
As the vile rabble gathering
Came densely round him as he flew.
Perchance, indeed, that hour he thought
On the red plain of Waterloo;
Where, bartered for his blood, he bought
The freedom of that thankless crew.

This author is no admirer of the "brave Belges": we cannot say that they are much to our own liking: we, however, cannot join in all his commendation of the Dutch, though we believe their prince is a benevolent and good ruler.

Mr. Joplin's '*Analysis of the Currency Question*' is rather a curious work, inasmuch as it shows how very grievously the load of that question has been laid on Mr. Joplin's shoulders, and how little the parliament and the public have listened to his groaning under it. It is very true that everybody could not at once state in set terms anything like a theory of currency; but it by no means follows that people do not, on that account, understand it practically; and therefore, though we sympathize with Mr. Joplin, as we would do with any other man in affliction, we think he is grieved without much cause. There are some subjects so very well known, that nobody thinks of writing about them, or otherwise noticing them: for instance, when the sun is shining, nobody sits down to demonstrate that it is light. There are also some subjects so very minute, that, though curious, nobody thinks of advertizing to them: for instance, Mr. Joplin on the top of St. Paul's, as compared with Mr. Joplin in the vaults below (in equal health and spirits in both cases), would make some little alteration in the length both of the day and the year. When aloft he would raise the centre of gravity, and alter the centrifugal force, both in the rotation and the revolution of the earth. We have only to weigh Mr. Joplin, and determine the relative distances of the centre of gravity, in order to be able to calculate with perfect accuracy the effect which his elevation would produce, on the solar system; but, truly, the calculation would be a most unprofitable expenditure of time and mathematics. We know not on which horn of that dilemma the '*Analysis*' will be put, but we have our fears that it will get entangled somewhere between them.

'*Hawes's Lectures to Young Men*.' This is a Glasgow reprint of an American book; and such a book as should be studied, and its precepts practised. Joel Hawes is an author whom we love; he knows the world; he gives plain, clear, manly, pious, and practicable advice; we recommend all young men to put the little volume in their pockets, and read it at their leisure—they cannot fail to profit by it.

'*Hulcan Lectures for the Year 1831*.' The object of these Lectures is to prove the veracity of the Five Books of Moses; and there is no doubt that the Rev. J. J. Blunt, of Cambridge, has shown both learning and talent in their composition. We are not quite sure that such vindication was either necessary or desirable: the ingenuity of Stackhouse sometimes raised objections to Scripture, which his answers failed fully to solve: infidelity loves to find its weapons in the armoury of the Christian.

'*The Youth's Cornucopia*.' This compact little book treats of many things which it is proper for youth to know;—first, we have the Fine Arts; second, Natural History; third, English History; fourth, Early Voyages; fifth, Manners and Customs; sixth, Manufactures; and, seventh, Sports and Pastimes. The instruction is conveyed in conversations, and the whole is illustrated by cuts, some of which are well executed.

'*Paternal Advice*.' The author of this Lilliputian volume seems an earnest and pious man. His counsel concerning books contains much in small compass; but the portion most to our liking is that which records the opinions and quotes the lives of eminent men. He has less originality of thought than he has skill to avail himself of the knowledge of others: he cannot be compared for a moment with Hawes; yet his work may be nearly as beneficial.

'*On the Pursuit of Knowledge*.' This address was delivered to the law students in the University of London, where it was received with much approbation; nor can the public fail to acknowledge its value. All those who are de-

sirious of being instructed in the dignified sciences of law and jurisprudence, would do well to glance first at the work of Mr. Wire, which has the advantage, too, of being clear and brief.

'*Aldine Poets: Milton.*' Vol. III. Some of the noblest poems in the language are in this volume: Samson Agonistes, Comus, Il Penseroso, L'Allegro, and some exquisite Sonnets. The printing is clear, and the getting up of the work beautiful.

A strange sort of absurd brochure, called '*Notes upon Notes*,' by Henry Martin, perplexes us not a little. Some of the scientific names in music seem to have suggested a pun to the writer, and he proceeds with laborious diligence to manufacture a volume of puns on the subject. We give the best specimen of his talent, and leave the subject without comment.

A Drinking Song.

Old Swig had a real drinking mug
A bottle nose and a glass eye;
Folks call'd him a jolly old dog,
A wet soul that always was dry.
From his father his thirst he inherited,
For each bus his failing, you know;
If you ask, Was he ever low spirited?—
Yes! when his spirits were low.
Yet still he was sparkling and bright,
Thus singing when others were yawning;
If wine make us drunk over night,
Why, the wine shall be drunk in the morning.
Beer is the legitimate daughter
Of England, says he, without doubt;
Stout made him as strong as a porter,
And porter, he said, made him stout.
Good double X, dark, red, or pale,
He would tittle to make him live long;
For drinking it strong made him hale,
And drinking of ale make him strong.
So drink, my brave boys! it's all right;
All thoughts of old Care nobly scorning;
For if we get fresh over-night,
We shall be fresh again in the morning.
But, alas! and infirmities come
Old and crusty on bee's wing to plague you;
And he soon, like his cronies, old Tom,
Was accustomed to dull quartern agree.
Full proof he was given to drinking,
At least so 'twas thought 'neath his roof;
And what most his life's chain was unliking,
He was given to drinking full proof.
And what if I'm given to tittle,
'Tis just as it should be, says he;
For 'twill make us but quits, my good people,
If the tittle be given to me.
Well, they sent for the doctor by stealth;
Ardent spirits, he said, had caused fever,
Rum and brandy were bad for his health,
So advised him to go to Geneva.
Oh! Geneva's blue water was bright;
But alas! it was not *eau de vie*;
For, in reeling along one dark night,
He was drowned—as historians agree.
Oh, ye drinkers! I deem it but right,
To give you this song as a warning;
If you soak your clay over-night,
Why your clay may be soaked in the morning.

Real Life; or, Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler—is a kind of prose 'Excursion,'—we speak, of course, only of plan; in execution there must necessarily be vast difference between the sage-like 'Wanderer' of the poem, and Simon, the 'Travelling Merchant' of the volume under notice. It consists of narratives told, or characters found, by Simon, during his journey with his son-in-law to an annual fair. The plan is not uningenious for the purpose of making a book of tales, but it prevents the book from quite deserving the title of '*Real Life*,' since every hut, hostel, and hamlet is made perforce to yield its complement of story. We cannot say that, after reading it through, any part of the book left much impression on our memory, either of power or pathos; but still, as a volume of sketches concerning the hopes, joys, sins, and sufferings that have their abode "in huts where poor men live," it may be added to those fictions which go under the name of "interesting and instructive."

ORIGINAL PAPERS

A BALLAD ON DELIGHT.

What means Delight? thou tiny boy,
Just trowsered and just coated:
Come tell me what thou think'st is joy,
Thou, unto frills promoted.

"Delight, I think, means bread and butter
With sugar on the top;
And joy means paddling in a gutter;
And, furthermore—to stop
Out of my bed, when in my bed
I know that I should be."
—Heaven bless the child, and keep thy head
From idler fancies free!

What means Delight? thou school-boy brave,
That collars has just mounted:
Tell me the joy which thou dost crave
To thine own heart recounted.

"A horse! a horse! spurs—whip—and dog—
A gun—and twenty-one!"
And nothing more?—"Oh! pedagogue,
All's summed in twenty-one!"

What means Delight? proud manhood tell,
Thou of the thoughtful brow:
The joy that would thy bosom swell,
I prithee tell me now.

"It is to fight upon the shore,
To fight upon the sea,
And have (my weary fightings o'er),
A riband given me;
And to the riband to append
A medal or a cross,
Of my life's pilgrimage the end,
Repayment of each loss:—
It is to study day and night
Books in each language known,
Then, through more nights and days to write
A small one of my own;
'Tis to be paid for time and taper,
Head-aches and skin grown yellow,
By periodical and paper
Calling me clever fellow:—
It is to idolize an eye,
Run mad upon a feature,
And call on ocean, earth, and sky,
To deify the creature—
And, having won the fairly fair,
(Poetic consternation,) find that her choicest beauties were
My own imagination!"

Oh, man of age, Oh, man of age,
Whose race is almost run,
Say, what Delights thy thoughts engage,—
Or is Delight all done?

"Now, say not so, and think not so,
For, save that they are flecter,
Purer the joys that now I know
Than heretofore—and sweeter.
I never prized before the shade,
I never loved the sun,
Nor the music by the waters made
For their own sakes every one:—
I never sat beneath a tree
And found my bliss alone
In the fair things I sat to see,
Not fancies of my own;
And therefore oft each pleasant sound
Had under-tones of grief,
And oft a dimness gathered round
The tree of greenest leaf;
I hung my heart, my wayward heart,
On all things that I saw,
Then deemed it was of nature part,
And oft times blamed her law.
But now, I see her in the light
She gives, not that she borrows,
(Ah! wherefore fold her in the night
Of human sins and sorrows);
And therefore are my last days bright,
Though few will be their morrows!"

HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.—No. V.

It is now almost time for us to bring this desultory series of 'Hints' to a conclusion. We have reached the period when liberty sunk beneath despotism, and originality of thought was sacrificed for tame regularity. It is true that the first despot was an Augustus, and that the great rulers of the Hellenized poetic school were a Virgil and a Horace; but we are tasteless enough to prefer even tribunician turbulence to the gilded slavery of the imperial court, and "the native woodnotes wild" of the rustic bards to the imitations and translations for which they were laid aside. There will be, we know, many who will regard an attempt to depreciate Virgil or Horace, as little less than heresy; our confession, that we prefer Lucan to the one, and Persius to the other, will probably be received as a proof of our hopeless incapacity to form any correct literary judgment.

To Virgil we cheerfully concede all the beauties of style—all the harmonies of expression—and all the delicate turns of language that his warmest admirers can demand. Farther, we grant him great tenderness of feeling, and a vivid conception of some of the passions; but we deny him original genius, vigorous imagination, and the power of delineating character. The *Æneid* is the least original of all poems: remove what we know to have been borrowed from Homer and Apollonius Rhodius, and what we have good reason to believe was obtained from the works of Stesichorus and Pseisander, and the remainder will be marvellously deficient in quantity, and not very meritorious in quality. His conceptions and descriptions of character are positively below contempt: the pious *Æneas*, as he is invariably called, exhibits a little of the poltroon, and a great deal of the second-rate; the faithful Achates displays no proof of fidelity; the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus are names that excite no more sensation than the muster-roll in a Gazette Extraordinary; of Amata's character we can discover little, of Lavinia's less; "sister Anne" is not half so interesting as her namesake in Blue Beard; and there remains only Dido, of whom we leave Virgil's admirers to make the most. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus is indeed truly beautiful, and though we entertain some doubts of its originality, we allow it to stand on the credit side of the account; and with it may go that entertaining lecture on things in general and Roman history in particular, with which Anchises favours his son in the sixth book. But Virgil, we are told, was an elegant and correct writer; he modernized Homer, and polished off some coarseness and roughness, which were likely to displease the courtly ears of those who frequented the imperial palace—in other words, he acted like Pope, and published an imitation of Homer under a false name. But here the parallel fails: Pope, with creditable modesty, called his work a translation; nothing would satisfy the Latin poet but the lofty title of an original epic.

Even in the main design the *Æneid* is a complete and absolute failure; it was intended to be a national poem, and it professes to recount the origin of the Roman people. The fable of the Trojan settlement is about as rational as the story of Brute's colonizing Britain, or the ancestor of the O'Neills enter-

taining Moses and bequeathing his Milesian name to the Nile—that is, all three approach the very consummation of human absurdity: and if the Roman people cared one jot for the tale, they must have been more insane than the Irish and Scotch antiquarians who professed to give up the contention respecting Ossian, lest it might occasion a civil war. Romulus might have been the hero of a Roman national poem, as he was of the national ballads; but the selection of Æneas was only dictated by a predetermination to rest his fame on plagiarism.

There is an anecdote, preserved on good authority, respecting this national poem, which deserves to be mentioned: we are told, that Virgil at one time designed to embody some of the most interesting periods of the Roman history in a heroic poem, but was disgusted by the harsh names of the persons and places that he would be obliged to mention. This is rather a whimsical parallel to Miss Landon's complaint of her trouble in finding pretty titles for her fictitious peers, and Captain Hamilton's apology to the late Chancellor for having anticipated his title in the novel of Cyril Thornton—certain ungallant critics who have assailed the lady for her attachment to the sound of names should have mentioned the high authority she could quote for her caution. But the excuse assigned by Virgil for neglecting the legends of Latium is a very strong proof of his incapacity to write a truly epic poem; it is, in terms, a confession that he deemed diction a matter of more importance than the subject—that he regarded the drapery more than the figure—and that he deemed adjuncts of greater value than the principal.

We must, however, be understood as speaking of Virgil now merely in his capacity of an epic poet. As a writer of pastoral poesy, we hold him unrivalled. Horace himself would not more readily have acknowledged the merit of the *Georgics* and *Eclogues* than we do; but powers of a far different kind are required in epic poetry—powers so different indeed, that the possession of one almost precludes the possibility of sharing the other; and of this Virgil himself was so conscious, that, on his death-bed, he ordered the *Æneid* to be destroyed.

Why, then, is Virgil so much admired? Simply because it is through him alone that nine-tenths of the world are acquainted with Homer. By an exquisitely-absurd arrangement, not only is Latin taught before Greek, but it is taught almost to the exclusion of that far more noble language. Take a boy about to enter the University, you will find that he has learned the Latin authors directly from the originals, but he is acquainted with the Greek only through the medium of barbarous Latin interpretations, Greco-Latin Lexicons, and, in no despicable number of instances, Greco-Latin Grammars. In consequence, he can read Latin at first sight, and with pleasure; but to read the Greek authors is a painful task, which only a chosen few venture to encounter; and even many of these unconsciously prefer the Latin writers on account of the greater facility of their perusal: for ease is loved by the learned as well as the unlearned. The Dutchman, unused to the sight of rivers, delights to contemplate his own canals; and those who are too lazy to seek the pure Homeric streams, still admire the beauty of the waters

when he sees them flowing in the artificial channels of imitators.

It forms no part of our subject to justify our preference of Lucan; but a few words in behalf of that ill-treated author may be pardoned. He is, we grant, far less correct, less polished, and less refined than Virgil; his *Pharsalia* displays many traces of an unregulated mind—many excrescences arising from a boyish taste for tawdry ornament—many descriptions more declamatory than poetical; but still we firmly believe that the *Pharsalia*, with all its faults, displays, in any single book, more poetic conception, more power of thought, and more vigour of imagination, than the whole *Æneid* from beginning to end. The characters of the *Pharsalian* heroes are delineated with great strength; to borrow an illustration from painting, the figures seem to start from the canvas. Rowe's version of the *Pharsalia* is so very loose and inaccurate, that an extract from it would convey a very imperfect notion of Lucan's style. We subjoin a more literal, but far less spirited translation of his comparative analysis of the characters of Pompey and Caesar, hoping that, amid all its defects, some portion of the innate beauty of the original may be perceptible;—as the image of the sun retains a share of its lustre, even when viewed through an imperfect or distorted medium:—

You, Pompey, fear lest modern deeds efface
Your ancient triumphs o'er the pirate race.
You + a long series of heroic deeds,
And fierce impatience of a greater, leads;
Pompey no rival, Caesar brooks no lord—
Yet who more justly drew the hostile sword
We dare not know—Cato and heaven divide—
It chose the victor's, he the vanquish'd side.

Ill were they match'd—the one now aged grown,
Unlearn'd the warrior in the peaceful gown;
He courts the praise that follow'd him so long,
And buys the plaudits of a hirling throng:
Pleased with the vernal shouts, no triumphs now
Replace the laurels withering on his brow;
His sole reliance is his former fame,
He stands the shadow of a mighty name.
Like the proud oak, that in a fruitful field
Sustains the rusted casque and mouldering shield—
The faint memorials of forgotten days,
Chieftains unknown, and unremember'd frays—
Whose perish'd roots no more the trunk sustain,
Fix'd by its weight, still triumphs in the plain;
Still are its leafless boughs to heaven display'd,
The naked trunk alone extends a shade.
Yet though it quivers in each passing breeze,
Ready to fall—though round it younger trees,
In all the pride of youthful bloom, are shown,
It stands unrivall'd, honour'd, and alone.

Cæsar relies not on an empty name—
War his delight, defeat his only shame;
Tameless and fierce, as hope or anger burns,
The impatient warrior with fresh vigour turns.
Conquest impels him to more glorious deeds,
Believing fate his friend; what'er impedes
His proud career soon owns the victor's sway;
He views with triumph ruin mark his way.
Thus bursts from angry clouds the flashing levin,
Flushing in thunders o'er the startled heaven,
The echoing globe reverberates the crash;
Its pale inhabitants are dumb—the flash,
Darting athwart, closes each eye in pain—
Its own wild flames consume its own proud fane.
No fence restrains it, and no limits bound,
It spreads a waste of ruin all around;
Then to its clouds on wings of flame retires,
And bears to heaven its re-assembled fires.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

We regret that we have to announce the death of this distinguished man on Thursday last—he had been for some time unwell, and we hear, that for several days, little hopes were entertained of his recovery. He was in his 67th year.

Sir James Mackintosh came early into public notice. We rather think that he pub-

lished some works when a very young man; but the first of any celebrity, was the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' a defence of the French Revolution against Burke and others; a work highly commended, and indeed, much overrated. He also distinguished himself as counsel for Pelletier—and since by his speeches in the House of Commons.

Sir James was a Whig, and came forward at a time when political discussions were mere gladiatorial displays—when oratory was the fashion, and the battle was for place and power rather than for right, and truth and justice; and he was overshadowed at his outset, by established fame and greater talent. Of late years, opposition has been more resolute and determined—principles and not party, have been the watchword—a resolved body of sincere men have grown into strength, by uncompromising integrity of purpose—eloquence has been silenced by dates and facts; and we fear, we must, for truth sake, add, that Sir James has never realized the promise of his early life. His fame, indeed, has been throughout, rather of promise than performance. From our earliest recollection, the literary public have been expecting from his pen, some great work or other—his '*History of England*' was for many years talked of in the coteries, as the glory and triumph of the age—it was to be an everlasting monument of his genius and his labours—yet we all know, that this sounding promise ended in a contribution to '*The Cabinet Cyclopædia*,' of a few passable volumes, such as hundreds of living men might have written. The truth we suspect to be, that Sir James was first trammelled and then trumpeted by a party, which found him a useful auxiliary, either for a set speech, a party pamphlet, or a political paper in the *Edinburgh*;—but though a man of undoubted talent, of great eloquence, and of varied attainments, he was not an original or powerful thinker; he was not one to whom the age is at all indebted; he was not a great man, in any sense of the word—equally in politics and in philosophy,† he took up his position on the neutral ground between honest differences of opinion, and was content to display his power, without reference to the great cause of man's happiness and progression.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Beauty and fashion are, we hear and see, to be ministered to, in literature, by gentler hands than heretofore—by ladies who wear perfumed gloves, and gentlemen whose pens are dipped in odours, and not in ink. The wide empire of fashion is to be divided into three kingdoms; at the head of one, a queen in the guise of Mrs. Norton will reign; the throne of a second will be filled by the late editor of *La Belle Assemblée*; while a sort of committee of taste, will guide, we hear, the third. Authors and authoresses, skilful in the fashionable, and deep in the ways of the genteel, are employed as auxiliaries on all sides. Of new announcements in literature, we see few which we have left in other numbers unmentioned. A flood of magazines has come in upon us. *Blackwood* has one or two articles from the hand of Wilson,

† See *Athenæum*, No. 153, for review of the Preliminary Dissertation to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

in his usual dashing and vigorous manner—full of spirit and poetry. *Fraser* has several sarcastic and amusing things: the 'Letters on English Manners,' by the American Colonel Hicory, of Cedar Swamp, United States, are capital. The *New Monthly* has the attractions of short articles, and some pleasant writing; 'Our Present State,' is temperately written, and with a full knowledge of the subject; and the article, entitled 'Vernacular Literature,' will be found instructive by many, who think themselves overflowing with knowledge. *Tait* has an article on Goethe, by one who understands his character as a man and a genius. 'The Fourth Estate,' and other papers, are clever; the 'Notes on the Crisis,' are too political. The last number of the *North American Review* has found its way to our hands: the article on 'Indian Biography' is very interesting. We, however, care not two-pence about the authorship of Junius; we wish men would let the clever and sarcastic libeller's dust alone. We love Bryant, and have shown it; but we cannot place him so high as our American friend does; nor can we join with him respecting Burns—with him, genius atones not for all defects; he is one of the most compact and nervous writers; we know of no one, who puts more meaning into his lines, and from whom so little can be taken without injury—that he wrote from the immediate impulse of nature, without effort or premeditation, we know of our knowledge; but that is his highest praise. In the *United Service Journal*, though neither soldier nor sailor, we always meet with something which we like; so do we in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—there we have, generally, an antiquarian dish or two, such as 'Ancient Archery in England,' and 'Notices of Old Verulam,' worth our time and money. The *Sporting Magazine*, too, deals in amusing and profitable things: feats of old sportsmen and exploits of the young; pedigrees of fleet horses, and descents of greyhounds and slow hounds, and pointers, and lurchers. We hear, with concern, that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is not so profitable this season, as it has been heretofore; the same may be said of all other Exhibitions: we believe, the agitation of the public mind is such, that few care for aught but the news of the hour.

The Benefit Concerts this season, have not been quite so numerous as last, yet they have not proved so profitable. Mrs. Anderson, Madame Dulcken, and Mori, particularly the latter, can, we fear, testify to the truth of this. Bochs has had the fullest attendance; the extensive circulation of his harp music, and the monopoly which he enjoys, as the only resident harpist of fame in London, naturally excites great interest to hear him. F. Cramer and Vaughan have had their annual share of the patronage of the Antient Concert audience.

The stage preparations for 'Robert le Diable,' are in arrear, so that the opera will not be produced on Monday next, as was expected; after so many postponements, it is to be hoped that, on the night of performance, the whole will be perfect. Meyerbeer attended six full rehearsals of his opera, and on the day of his departure, partook of a dinner with the manager of the King's Theatre, the conductors of the Italian and German operas, and about thirty of the

band, and the principal male singers, Messieurs Nourrit, Damoreau, Giubilei, and Levasseur. The professors were quite delighted with their distinguished guest, and parted from him with three hearty cheers—wishing him a safe voyage, and a speedy return to this country.

The Germans continue to attract full houses; the enthusiasm with which their performances are received, has given these strangers a more favourable opinion of English musical taste, than they were inclined to entertain: the truth is, the English are a reflecting people, and German music improves on consideration; it is true to nature, and always appeals to the understanding.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 30.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the Chair.—A paper was first read describing a large Boulder Stone, which occurs on the shore of the Appin, in Argyleshire, by James Moxwell, Esq., and communicated by William Smith, Esq., F.G.S., F.R.S., &c.

A paper was next read on bones of rhinoceros and hyena, found in Cefu Cave, in the valley of Cylfredan, by the Rev. Edward Stanley, F.G.S., F.L.S.

A third paper was read on the basalt of the Titterstone Cleve Hill, in Shropshire, being the concluding part of a memoir on the Ludlow district, begun at a former meeting, by J. Robinson Wright, Esq., employed on the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

May 28.—Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President, in the chair.—A paper by Dr. McGaffog, Physician to the embassy at Constantinople, on 'Blood-letting, as a certain Remedy for Cholera,' (communicated by Sir Robert Gordon,) was read by the registrar. Also, an unpublished paper on 'Perspiration,' by the late celebrated Dr. Heberden.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A paper by Mr. Deville, 'Respecting some extraordinary changes in the form of the head,' illustrated by numerous casts, will be read at the meeting of the Society, which terminates the present session, on Monday next; when it is expected that some curious and highly important facts, both physiological and phrenological will be brought forward.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	London Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	{ Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
	{ Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
SATUR.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Fourth Notice.]

We have been accused of too much clemency in our critical strictures on the works in the Exhibition; it is as well to lean to the side of mercy: we have, however, only selected for notice such as demanded attention on account of their merits: we shall find time to characterize, in a general way, the leading faults of the mass of pictures which we pass over without particular examination. The collection is, on the whole, a motley and a curious one.

Had the Academy flourished in the days of Spenser, we might have imagined that he wrote the following verse of his 'Faery Queene,' after the excitement of a visit:—

His chamber was despoiled all within
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin:
Some such as in the world were never yet,
Ne can devised be of mortal wit:
Some daily seen and known by their names
Such as in idle fantasies do flit:
Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames,
Apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, dames.
Nor will we disguise from ourselves, that the image in the succeeding verse may be looked upon as figurative of the spectators and critics who swarm in the rooms, and who, we are afraid, sometimes make sad noises, and delight in "idle thoughts, and leasings, tales, and opinions unsound."

215. 'The Destroying Angels and Demons of Evil interrupting the Orgies of the Vicious and Intemperate;' ETTY, R.A.—This, the painter informs us, belongs to that class of compositions called *visions* by the Romans, inasmuch as they had no origin either in history or poetry. We are not sure that the artist is right in making the Demons of Evil do an ill turn to their friends, the Vicious and Intemperate: they ought rather to encourage such goings on; but, instead of this, they are reading them a great moral lesson in the midst of fire and tempest, by pulling their house about their ears. There is much unbridled imagination—much fine, free drawing, and much good colouring, in this singular sketch. Such scenes are not, however, of this world, nor for the people who are in it; and where one will feel the poetry of the work, a thousand will reckon it ridiculous.

230. 'The Saint Manufactory;' UWINS.—This picture embodies a scene at Naples: an artist's shop where Madonnas, saints, angels, are manufactured: two friars are bargaining for a bunch of cherubs; and some ladies have brought their household images to be repaired and repolished. There is not much humour in the composition; and it is rather curious than excellent: we once saw,—we scarcely know where,—a sketch from these lines in Prior:

And Romish bakers praise the deity,
They whilome clipt in his paisty.

One of the men of crust and crumb who adored, had evidently put saw-dust into the bread, for we never saw such a hypocritical-looking scoundrel in the world.

250. 'Portrait of a Lady;' SIMPSON.—There is something very pleasing in the looks of this lady; and we observed several damsels, skilful in matters of dress, bestow approving glances on her hat and feather.

256. 'The Three Children and the Fiery Furnace;' JONES, R.A.—This we look upon as one of the finest pieces of the poetic kind in the Exhibition. The artist has skilfully selected the time when, on the commands of Nebuchadnezzar being fulfilled, he beheld four figures loose, walking unharmed amidst the fire, and his counsellors told him the form of the fourth was like the son of God. The startled king—the awe-struck counsellors, and the dim-seen but majestic shape of the releasing spirit, are of a character which dwells on the mind: we feel Scripture to be realized. We hope Jones will give us many more such works: the picture is of a size which suits the walls of ordinary houses—a matter which our artists seldom attend to.

257. 'Mathews as Mons. Mallet, in Monieriff's Drama;' CLINT, A.—As a painter of nature as she stands up before him, Clint has great power. He can catch the wayward looks of a favourite actor in a fancy part, and place his characters before us in all the hues and lineaments of truth; but then his nature is that of the stage, where looks are put on, and all is assumed and artificial. He is great here: and it is but jus-

tice to say, that we have seen him clever where true country-born nature sat to him.

258. 'Portrait of Philip Reinagle, in the 85th Year of his Age;' REINAGLE, R.A.—This veteran artist was the favourite pupil of Allan Ramsay, and distinguished himself at an early age both in portrait and landscape. We are glad to see the likeness of a worthy father by a worthy son.

262. 'Smugglers;' WEBSTER.—These fellows are carrying on their wild and stirring trade under a clear and beautiful sky; indeed, we see not why the heavens should look particularly angry at a breach of the revenue laws: we too often see artists put the elements into a tumbling posture, when men commit folly.

272. 'Cinderella;' C. LANDSEER.—This picture is from the slipper scene; the story is well told, and the figures well painted.

279. 'Whitehall Stairs, June 18, 1817;' CONSTABLE, R.A.—There is much genius in all the compositions of Constable; but because, in the singular originality of their character, they fail to harmonize with the works of other men around them, they are set down as failures—as monsters—as things unnatural or absurd. We observe that one of our brethren says this picture has a watery look: if it looked like the Thames, it could not well, we fear, be otherwise;—perhaps the critic alluded to the sky; if so, there he is assuredly wrong; for, if anything is descending from the sky, it is snow, and not rain. All is of the first-rate quality in this picture, save colour; but on that point, who will give counsel to Constable?

284. 'Helvoetsluys;—the City of Utrecht, 64, going to Sea;' TURNER, R.A.—Turner, in this picture, must unite the praises of all who love truth and fancy: the scene is real. Helvoetsluys is a good point to start from; and the circumstance of a sixty-four sailing out, is like an oath before a magistrate to establish identity: all else is imagination, and that of a fine kind.

309. 'The Bay of Naples;' ARNOLD, A.—This glorious bay is looked on from the Tomb of Virgil above Pausilipo: the volcano throws up its smoke in the distance—goats repose in pairs or groups—and peasants linger, pleased with the beauty of the sea and land, and with the serenity of the sky: all is clear, defined, and distinct.

613. 'The Opening of the New London Bridge;' STANFIELD.—The artist has done wisely: his strength, like that of England, is less by land than water—so he has quitted the bridge and betaken himself to the river. On his favourite element he has wrought wonders: the Thames is peopled with high-bred dames and citizens of credit and renown: the barges are of all kinds, and thick as flowers in a spring-field; and the river itself seems not unconscious of what is going on. Stanfield is a great master of scenic effect; and here he has shown much power.

322. 'The Antiquary;' CAWSE.—The artist had Burns's 'Address to Captain Grose' in his mind when he designed this clever picture; and, indeed, he quotes one of the lines in the Catalogue: he had not, however, the image of Captain Grose—

A fine fat fadgel wight,
Of stature short, but genius bright—

before him, when he painted the Antiquary himself. This we are more sorry for, because it disturbs the unity of the work. The verse of the poet stirs up the memory of that ton of a man; nor do we see why an antiquarian might not be fat;—the

Auld nick-nackets,
Rousty iron caps and jingling jackets,

need not necessarily be in the keeping of a serious, lean personage: Grose was a jolly fellow, and his sunny face would have illumined the picture, and formed what artists covet—a centre light.

[To be continued.]

PANORAMA OF MILAN.

THE *Times* has been laboriously critical in its objections to the point of view whence this Panorama is taken, but we cannot agree with the judgment. Milan is certainly not a city suited for a Panorama—but, if we are to have one, special reference must be had to the Cathedral. To have taken the view from the street, might have given a finer effect to the general proportions of this building, but would have shut out the city and the surrounding country—to have taken it from the Cathedral, was to put out the eye and light of the city, the Cathedral itself, and without any compensating advantage. Milan is poor in all its architecture—it has few palaces, no squares, no fine streets, and the surrounding country is a dead level—still an outline, a form of it, must be shown in a Panorama, and this Mr. Burford has given, retaining the Cathedral as the one principal object. We doubt, too, whether the Cathedral itself is not in this view seen to more advantage than from the level of the street—we know that we never felt the full power of its magical beauty until we stood on the transept amidst its multitudinous pinnacles, when the whole seemed to us a sort of spiritual creation, rather than a laborious upbuilding of hard stones, made by mechanical hands. All parties are, however, agreed, that the view of the Cathedral is excellent; and who would not think his shilling well bestowed to look upon this fantastic pile of beauty? It was unfortunately a very dull day when we visited the Panorama, but it seemed to us well and boldly painted.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE benefit of Winter, we regret to hear, was not very profitable: he has taken his farewell for the season, and his place is supplied by Donzelli.—'Cenerentola' was revived on Saturday last, for the *début* of Signor Tamburini. This buffo singer has long enjoyed a great reputation in Italy, nor is he likely to lose it in London, judging by the success he has already met with. His voice is a rich baritone, not unlike Zuchelli's, but far more flexible and sonorous. The part of *Dandini*, which he sustained on this occasion, requires a voice of great compass, to sing the passages as they are written; and it is sufficient to say, that the music had ample justice done to it on this occasion. Cinti, in the character of *Cenerentola*, looked and sang most delightfully—her execution of the last scena 'Non piu mesti,' for novelty of embellishments, was superior even to that of Malibran or Sontag!—the chromatic scale in ascending, we never heard more perfect on a keyed instrument—the applause was enthusiastic! Donzelli, always excellent in *Don Ramiro*, received his full share of approbation on Saturday—particularly in the first scene: but to our taste he sings the recitative somewhat too loud. Galli was a very respectable *Magnifico*—and the opera was, as a whole, well got up, and attracted one of the fullest houses of the season.

'Cenerentola' was repeated on Tuesday, with increased success. After the fall of the curtain, the audience vociferously called for an encore of Cinti's last scena, which, notwithstanding the great exertion and fatigue she had gone through, was readily complied with. Tamburini is much applauded, and honourably maintains his high reputation.—The theatre was again crowded to witness 'Fidelio,' on Wednesday last. 'Il Don Giovanni,' we hear, will be given by the same German singers, next week, and be followed by a grand opera seria, founded on Shakspeare's 'Macbeth,' composed by Herr Schellard, who now conducts the performances.

ELEVENTH ANTIEN CONCERT.

Director—Archbishop of York.

Judging from the variety and excellence of this selection, we incline to believe, that His Grace has the good sense to consult with, and defer to the judgment of the Conductor. 'Achieved is the glorious work,' from the 'Creation'; 'The many rend the skies,' from 'Alexander's Feast'; 'Dove sono,' from 'Figaro,' three movements from Handel's 'Te Deum,' and the overture to 'Don Giovanni,' were all well performed; and these, with the aid of Cinti, were sufficient to make it a satisfactory performance.

SEVENTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

MOZART's 'Jupiter,' Haydn's Sinfonia, Letter V, the overtures to 'Euryanthe,' and 'Proserpina,' were the four grand orchestral pieces of this Concert. Herr Haitzinger was engaged in the aria, 'Welch mir Lüfte Ruh,' from 'Euryanthe': the singing and music were both excellent. Mendelssohn played a pianoforte Concerto (MS.) of his own composition, consisting of three movements. It began with a bold allegro, in a minor key, which, from the character and novel style of its treatment, might be described a "dramatic scena for the pianoforte," with orchestral accompaniment. The andante opened with a beautiful melody for basses, with sustained accompaniments for tenors and bassoons, and finished with violins, accompanying the same melody on the pianoforte, "tremulando e diminuendo," which produced the happiest effects. The last allegro wound up in a major key with difficulties which none but the author could master! This performance throughout was loudly applauded, and, as an exhibition of pianoforte playing, we unhesitatingly pronounce it, more astonishing than any we have yet witnessed.

Miss Inverarity, in the grand scena from Spohr's 'Azor and Zemira,' was so completely overcome by nervous excitement, as to be unable to sing it with her accustomed success! The aria 'Vedro mentre,' from 'Figaro,' was chastely sung by Pellegrini, of the German company. Nicholson was as usual brilliant in his fantasia on the flute, and Haitzinger in 'Dies Bildniß,' from 'Zauberflöte,' was greatly applauded. We have seldom heard the band more unsteady than at this Concert, and Mr. Weichsal should take the hint and retire.

MR. BEGUEZ'S CONCERT.

At this Concert, on Tuesday last, Mesdames Cinti and Viganò sang delightfully, but we were particularly struck by the taste, execution, and silvery tones of Miss Osborne, a very young lady, just arrived, we understand, from Paris, where she studied under Bordogni, the very best master in Europe. This young lady evinces considerable talent, and is likely, we think, to rise to eminence.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

THIS Theatre closed on Friday the 25th instant, upon which occasion Mr. Wallack delivered a farewell address, expressing, in neat and appropriate language, the heartfelt gratitude of the lessee for the heavy losses he has experienced, and his proud sense of the want of patronage, which has compelled him to close his doors a month before the usual time. It is, in truth, a sorry subject for joking upon, and yet there is something irresistibly comical in returning thanks for a bad season, because it has been the custom to do so for a good one. It is something like a schoolboy, who having had it forcibly impressed upon him, that he is never to receive any thing without saying "thank you," has a box on the ear given him by a bigger boy, and

says "thank you for nothing." To our thinking, it would have been better, either to have dropped the custom altogether, or to have frankly acknowledged the loss sustained, and put it to the public good feeling to support the house better next season;—promising, at the same time, that such support should be better deserved.

There was some slight mention of the theatre not having been quite so prosperous as usual, but the main cause—mismanagement—was not alluded to. We admit that there would have been some awkwardness in the frank avowal recommended; but then the dilemma has been of the management's own creating. The bills have been continually asserting that each new piece was received with enthusiasm, by crowded, brilliant, and overflowing audiences; and it would have looked odd to come forward and state that many successes had made one great failure, and that the result of a long career of prosperity was a loss of 10,000*l.*—a sum which we are inclined to fear is the most moderate at which it can be estimated. We have had occasion, during the late season, to find more or less fault with almost every thing which has been brought forward at this house; and when there has been merit in the pieces themselves, we have not been able to avoid censuring the manner in which they have been produced. On looking over our notices, we have not discovered one case, in which the remarks it has been our duty to make, have not been somehow or other borne out by the result. Those who think we take pleasure in making unfavourable reports are entirely mistaken. Nothing gives us so much real gratification, nor do we ever write with so much good-will and earnestness as when we can conscientiously accord unlimited praise. We wish to see all theatres do well, particularly the two called, *par excellence*, "national"; but the time is gone by when they can succeed, as a matter of course; they can no longer do so, without taking care to deserve it. The increased exertions of the minors must be met by a corresponding increase on the part of the majors; and if this be done judiciously, they will always keep the lead. Operas must not be brought out,—as has been the case this season at Drury Lane,—when the principal singers do not know three-fourths of the music they have to sing; nor should plays be acted before the actors have had time to learn even the words by heart. These are glaring defects of management; and while such are committed, who can wonder, that play after play, whatever may have been its real merit, should have lingered its five, six, or nine nights, without interest to the public or profit to the proprietors? We have heard, in theatrical circles, one person blamed by one, another by another, and a third by a third. Of our own knowledge, we know not who may have been in fault, and if we did, we should not say it, because personality is our favourite aversion. We speak of "the management"—and we speak as we do, wishing the management sincerely well for its own sake—for the sake of the hundreds who depend for support upon the concern, and for the sake of the public, who, whatever may be said of them, have not given up their taste for theatrical amusements, and who, on good and sufficient provocation, will still come to indulge it. Witness 'The Hunchback.' We know nothing of the arrangements at this theatre for next season, but shall be most happy if truth will permit us to begin on the first night with a favourable report, and to continue in the same strain to the last.—Mr. Wallack, it appears, has left us, to revisit the United States. This is to be regretted; it is not easy now-a-days—nay, we believe it is impossible to supply his place, by one who, like him, is always well received, whether he appears in tragedy, comedy, farce, or melo-drama.

Knowing that the *Athenæum* is much read in the States, we would enlarge upon his merits, and forewarn our brethren of America of the acquisition they are about to make; but he goes there not because they don't know him, but because *they do*. He has a claim upon the country, independent of his merits as an actor, for they should never forget that he nearly lost a leg in their service.

COVENT GARDEN.

One of the most crowded audiences ever packed within the walls of a theatre, assembled here on Wednesday evening, to witness and to grace Mr. Young's farewell to the stage. The play selected was 'Hamlet,'—the same in which Mr. Young, twenty-five years ago, made his first bow to a London audience, at the Haymarket. Criticism is beside our present purpose. Mr. Young performed the part, (when he was allowed to perform it, for it was nearly half an hour before the roaring sea of heads subsided to a calm,) in his usual well-known style, and was heartily greeted throughout. The rest of the play was ably sustained, and the good taste and good feeling exhibited by Messrs Macready and Mathews, in volunteering to act the *Ghost* and *Polonius*, were warmly acknowledged by the house, upon their respective entrances. Mr. Mathews, we may mention, played *Polonius* to Mr. Young's *Hamlet*, on the occasion of the debut of the latter, in London; and here, we rejoice to say, was our favourite theatrical evergreen, again at his post, after the lapse of a quarter of a century to play out the friend whom he formerly played in. When Mr. Young came on, the sight was truly gratifying: the house was, as we have said, crammed from the floor to the ceiling—every individual in it rose to receive him—the cheering was deafening, and this, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, continued for several minutes. Still we are to be told, that the taste for theatrical amusements is gone by; and that good plays, carefully got up, and well acted, will not draw money. We should like to see the experiment tried a little more frequently. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Young delivered a farewell address—thanking those who were present to represent the public, for the encouragement and approbation he had constantly received, and giving in a manly straight-forward way, his reasons for retiring while his faculties remained unimpaired. However we may regret to lose him, we cannot deny the justice of the ground he took, nor dispute the fairness of his returning to private life, while he has yet health and strength to profit by the well-earned fruits of his activity and industry. May he live long to enjoy them! His talents as an actor, and his conduct as a gentleman, have always been such as to make him an ornament to his profession. It is not always, that merit meets its reward, and when, as in this instance, it does, we should rejoice the more over it. After Mr. Young returned to the green-room, an elegant piece of plate was presented to him by a deputation of his brother artists from Drury Lane. This proceeding did equal credit to the donors and to the receiver. The compliments paid to Mr. Young by his professional companions, were wound up by Miss Kelly's re-appearance, for this occasion, in her favourite character of *Betty Finikin*, in the farce of 'Gretta Green.' She was, as usual, imitable.

COBURG THEATRE.

This house was the first which we had proposed, in pursuance of our half-promise of last week, to visit and report upon during the present; but a bill has been issued by the proprietor, which is so disreputable and disgraceful in itself, and likely to be so detrimental to the

drama generally, and to the cause of the Minor Theatres in particular, that we have renounced our intention in disgust. We shall not quote the ribald and filthy contents of this scandalous production, because we will not, even for a good purpose, make ourselves parties to their further dissemination; but we must allude to them in terms sufficiently clear to show, that our disgust has not been lightly assumed, and that it ought not to be, and, consequently, will not be laid aside until the returning reason of the proprietor shall have induced him to offer some public apology for the outrage he has committed against public decency. This paper, being one exclusively devoted to scientific and literary subjects, politics are, of course, excluded from its columns. Whenever occasion for an incidental allusion to them has arisen—wherever a political opinion has made a forced peep through the thick-leaved hedge of literature, our readers must have recognized the features of liberality; but liberality is as far removed from licentiousness, one way, as it is from bigotry, the other. Be our opinions what they may, it is quite certain, that rational and well-meaning persons of all political creeds will unite with us, in a firm determination to resist, at its outset, this miserable attempt to convert a place of public amusement into a political bear-garden, and to make the bills of a theatre, which has been permitted to style itself "Royal," the medium of foul-mouthed, pot-house slander, against the King and Queen of England. A dramatic writer of any grade, above the lowest of the low, when writing in times of great public excitement, would naturally and carefully abstain from the use of expressions, couched even in *decent* language, which appeared to him likely to add to the existing irritation—and he would do this no less from good taste than policy. It is true, that it is not always possible to guard against accidental misconstruction, and, that frequently passages have been taken in a political sense by an audience which were never so meant by an author; but this case is altogether different, from the rank and premeditated offence under discussion. The vulgar and catch-penny trick, which the proprietor of the Coburg Theatre has taken the liberty of playing with the burlesque of 'Tom Thumb,' is one which he would not have dared to put upon the work of any living author without his permission, and one to which, we trust, for the honour of dramatic writers, that, there is no one living who would have been base and contemptible enough to have given his sanction. Is it, then, to be tolerated, that, to answer the ends of sordid and selfish speculation, an affront of this nature is to be put upon the memory of the dead? Are the works of one who has no longer the power to help himself, to lose their place in the pleasant recollections of laughing thousands, and henceforth to be mixed up only with the contemplation of all that is bad—all that is heartless? Forbid it, Press of England, by holding up the foul slander to public execration! Forbid it, Lovers of the Drama, by absenting yourselves from a house where your favourite amusement is poisoned as its source!

MISCELLANEA

Ships' Rudders.—The following is the abridged Report of the Committee of the New York Naval Institution promised in our last:—

"Your Committee must confess, that, after the closest investigation, they have not been able to bring forward any new discovery or invention, but merely to glean a few ideas from the best of those which have come within their notice.—Your Committee are, however, firmly of opinion, that a rudder properly constructed, according to the best plans now in use, would rarely, if ever, be lost at sea, especially if properly managed. It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that no vessel of the United States Navy, has lost a

rudder at sea, within the recollection of the oldest officers.

"All things considered, your Committee prefer those plain rudders that have been long in use by maritime nations, especially in ships of war, where the best practical talent and science have been engaged in bringing them to the present degree of perfection. This rudder is strait on the forward part from top to bottom, moving freely in a polygonal trunk or case, above which is inserted the tiller in a square head, well banded; the breadth at the loaded water line being about three-fifths of that at the keel. It is desirable that it should be no wider than is requisite to govern the ship, without in any case making a greater angle with the keel, than forty-five degrees; because if too wide, it acts as a powerful lever on the braces, when the ship has quick stern way.

"Long tillers are preferable to short ones, because, in case of the tiller-ropes giving way, it could be more easily managed; besides, they require less aid from blocks or pulleys, and when the rudder is struck by a sea, the long tiller, by yielding a little, gradually resists its force, and acts as a spring does on a carriage. The number and size of the braces will depend on the size of the ship; but all vessels over 300 tons should not have less than four sets below the counter.

"The metal of which they are formed should possess the greatest strength and durability; there is reason to suppose that too much zinc has been used instead of copper, in some instances. The goings should be well fastened to the stern-post and bottom, and should be much stronger than the pintles, because, when the latter only give way, a new rudder can be shipped while the ship is afloat, with all her cargo on board; thus saving the time, trouble and expense of unloading, heaving out, or going into dry dock.

"When the rudder braces give way, in a heavy sea, it becomes necessary to get clear of the rudder as quickly as possible, to prevent its tearing away the counter; the trunk should not therefore be too small, and the tiller should be attached to the rudder head in such a manner that it could be quickly disengaged.

"The tiller should be inserted as low down upon the rudder as possible, having a great tendency to twist it, when placed too far above where it meets the resistance of the water."

Cost of Publishing in Germany.—This is stated, by a bookseller of Berlin, to be composed of the undermentioned items; so far as regards a work of twenty sheets printed to the extent of one thousand copies:—

Printing	£	s.	d.
Paper	13	10	0
Engraving or other minor expenses	10	0	0
Manuscript from 15 to	70	0	0
Trade allowances	27	10	0
Guarantee and correction of the press, supervision, &c., where 1000 copies are sold	25	0	0
Discount and profit to the publisher	53	10	0
	216	0	0

Presuming these charges and profits to be correct, the remunerating sale price of a volume of three hundred and twenty pages appears to be somewhat less than *four shillings and fourpence*! We must, however, remark, that seventy pounds is far too high an average for the remuneration to German authors; it will not, in general, be found to exceed *thirty*; and this abatement will reduce the selling price of the volume to nearly *three shillings and sixpence*.

Prince Maximilian, of Neuwied, to whom natural history is already so largely indebted

for his investigations in the New World, has just set out upon a new scientific expedition to North America, and has taken Bodmer, the celebrated landscape painter of Zurich, with him as his companion. The Prince left Neuwied on the 7th instant, and purposes spending two years in America.

Dutch Cleanliness.—There is no less curiosity and neatness in their ships than in their houses. This cleanliness extends throughout; you may find it in the stables where the cow's tails are tied up with a little cord to the roof, lest they should defile themselves. They wash all and scour all the walls moveables and utensils in the houses. It would be well if they could wash the water itself, which is indeed very thick and nasty in some of the animals.—*Misson's Travels*, 1695.

Silk Stockings a Great Saving.—I know a gentleman in London who had her life saved by the watermen, the boat having been overset, because they perceived she had fine silk stockings; they ran to her, neglecting the others.—*Ibid.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. Mon. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 24	71 49	30.09	S.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 25	73 53	Stat.	W. to N.W.	Clear.
Sat. 26	70 47	29.95	N. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 27	66 44	Stat.	S. to S.W.	Clear.
Mon. 28	73 39	29.85	S.	Clear.
Tues. 29	67 48	Stat.	Var. S.W.	Rain.
Wed. 30	69 48	29.77	S. E. to S.W.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Cirrus.

Mornings fair throughout. Nights fair, except Wed. Mean temperature of the week, 61.5

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 28 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

Summary of the journal for last week, which was not forwarded in time for publication:—

Mean temperature, 56.6—Mean atmosph. pressure, 29.68—Prevailing Winds, E. & S.W.—Ditto Clouds, Cirrostratus—Weather fair, and for the greater part clear.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Book of Private Prayer. Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 3, Ella of Galvaloch, by Harriet Martineau.

The first part of Illustrations of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, Drawn on Stone by W. H. Kearney, will be ready early in July.

Just published.—Williams on Executors, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 10s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. 2, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 31, History of Switzerland, 6s.—The Welcome Visitor, 18mo. 2s.—Frugal Housewife, 2s.—Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 3, Imperial Prints, 10s. 6d.; Proofs coloured, 40s. 18s.; India Proofs, 12s. 1s.; Proofs before letters, 14s. 11s. 6d.—Lights and Shadows of American Life, by Miss Mitford, 3 vols. 12s. 11s. 6d.—The Village Poor House, by a Country Curate, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Questions Concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction, by Monsieur de Peyronnet, 2s. 6d.—Jolande, and other Poems, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Messiah, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—New Selection of Hymns, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

In reply to the Editor of *Faust's Catchism*, Dr. Granville states, that the work referred to in his preface was "an original work published at Philadelphia." Here then the question is set at rest—but we must add, that H. H. was too unconditional in his assertion, if it could be met by so positive a contradiction. We would have published Dr. Granville's letter, but that, from some observations in it, the Editor of *Faust's Catchism* might claim the right of reply, and we have no desire to have the controversy continued.

Richard of York, 'The Unchanged,' and other works, are necessarily deferred. As our sheet is not quite so sympathetic as La Fay's girdle, it is clearly impossible to embrace in it all the works published this week. For the last month there has been a total stagnation in the book trade, but it has now revived with a flourishing vigour that reminds us of the setting in of summer at the North Pole.

Thanks to K.—N. O. P.—We would also thank D. but that, after much patient toil, we cannot read the manuscript enclosed.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Sales by Auction.

PICTURES AND MINIATURES FROM BELGIUM.

MR. PHILLIPS respectfully notifies that on MONDAY the 4th, and TUESDAY the 5th of June, at One, he will SUBMIT BY AUCTION, at his Great Room, 73, New Bond-street, a valuable and extensive COLLECTION of PICTURES, consisting of upwards of Five Hundred original Specimens, including known masters of the Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools; 215 are arranged in an elegant Portable Cabinet, which will be offered in one lot. Also a few of the Italian and French schools. Among the Collection the celebrated Dappled Horse by Cuyt; La Danse Majie, L. Van Leyden; a grand gallery picture, Synders, a ditto, Fyt; and a collection of hunting subjects by Fyt, Synders, Weenix, Grief, &c.; a cabinet gem by Both; Spinners, by Teniers; landscapes by Ruysdael, Pynacker, Wynants, Vanderweide, Ostale, Egzon Vanderneer, Metz, G. Dow, Brauer, Jan Steen, P. Neefs, Duart, Vandermeulen, Canaletti, Guardi, Raoux.

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